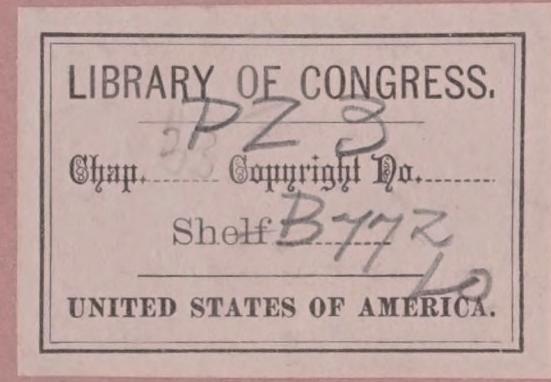
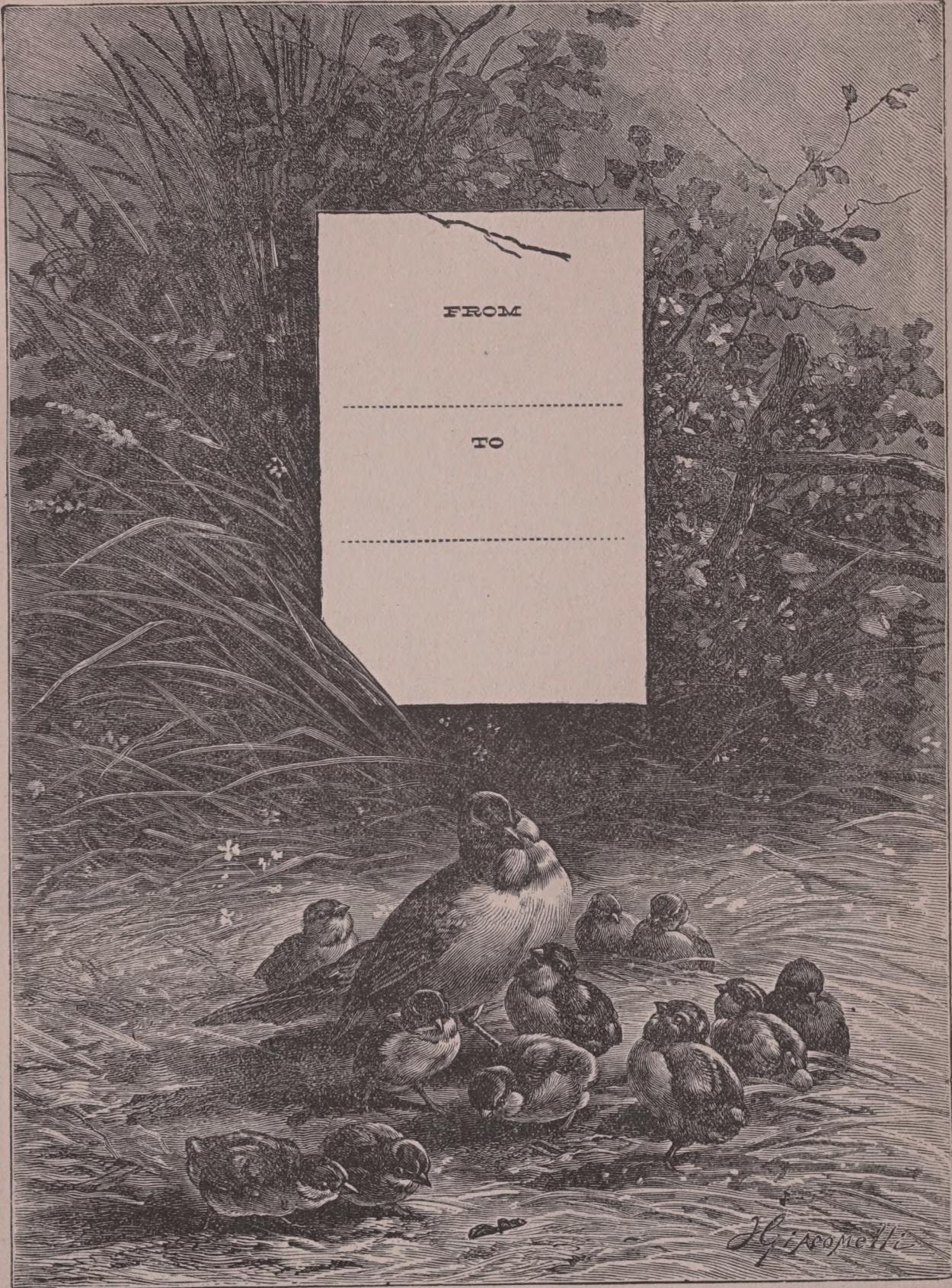


LOVE, HOME
AND BROTHER







FROM

TO

J. Giacometti

OUR HOME.



LOVE, HOME AND MOTHER

=====THE=====

BOOK FOR OUR DARLINGS.

BY

MARY D. BRINE.



GOOD, TRUE, BEAUTIFUL.

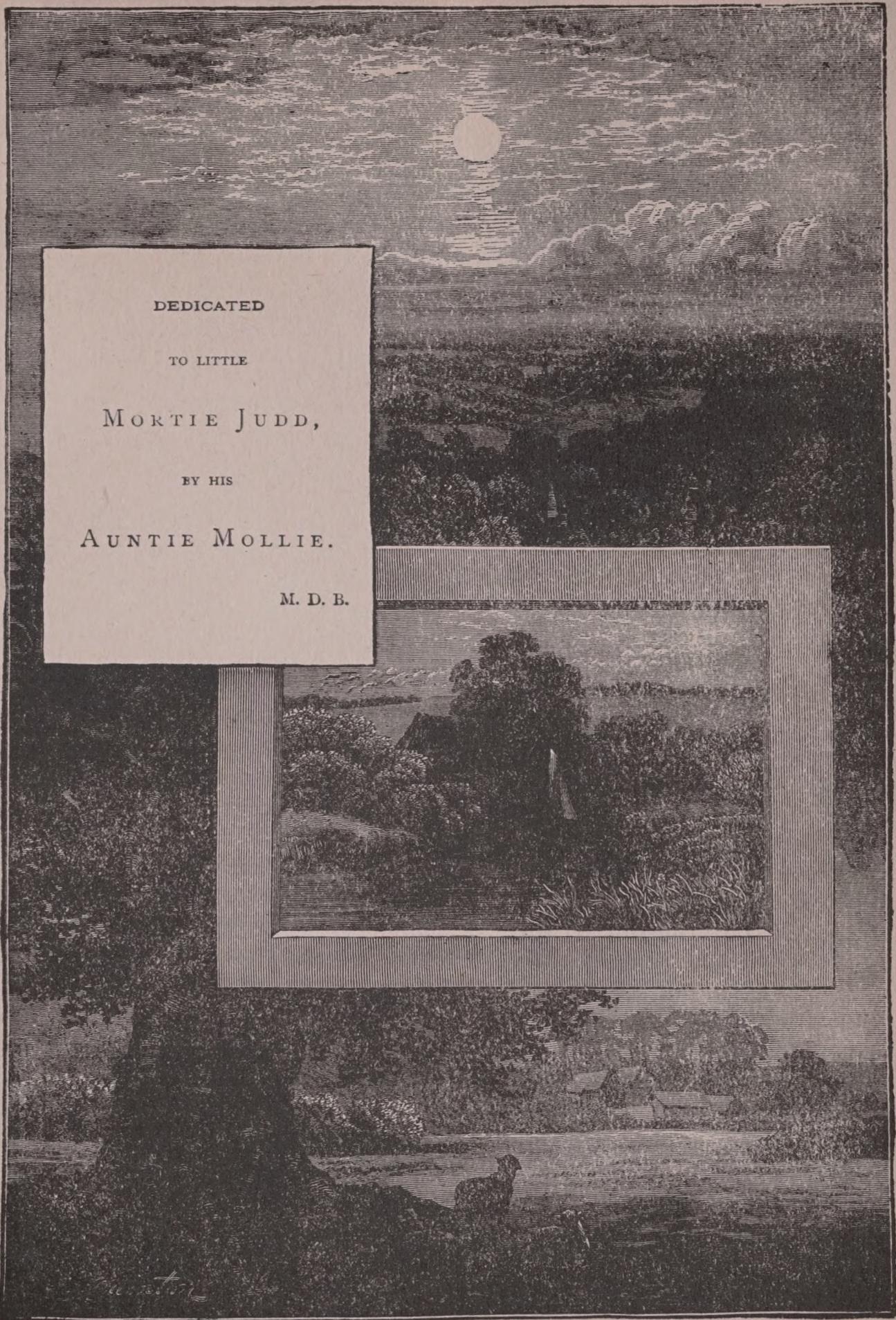
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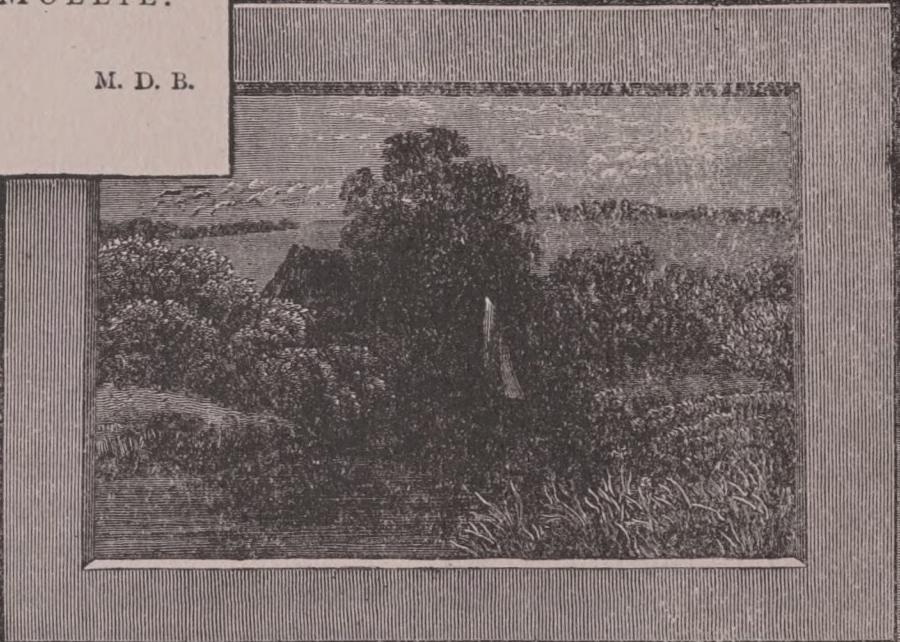
TO LITTLE

MORTIE JUDD,

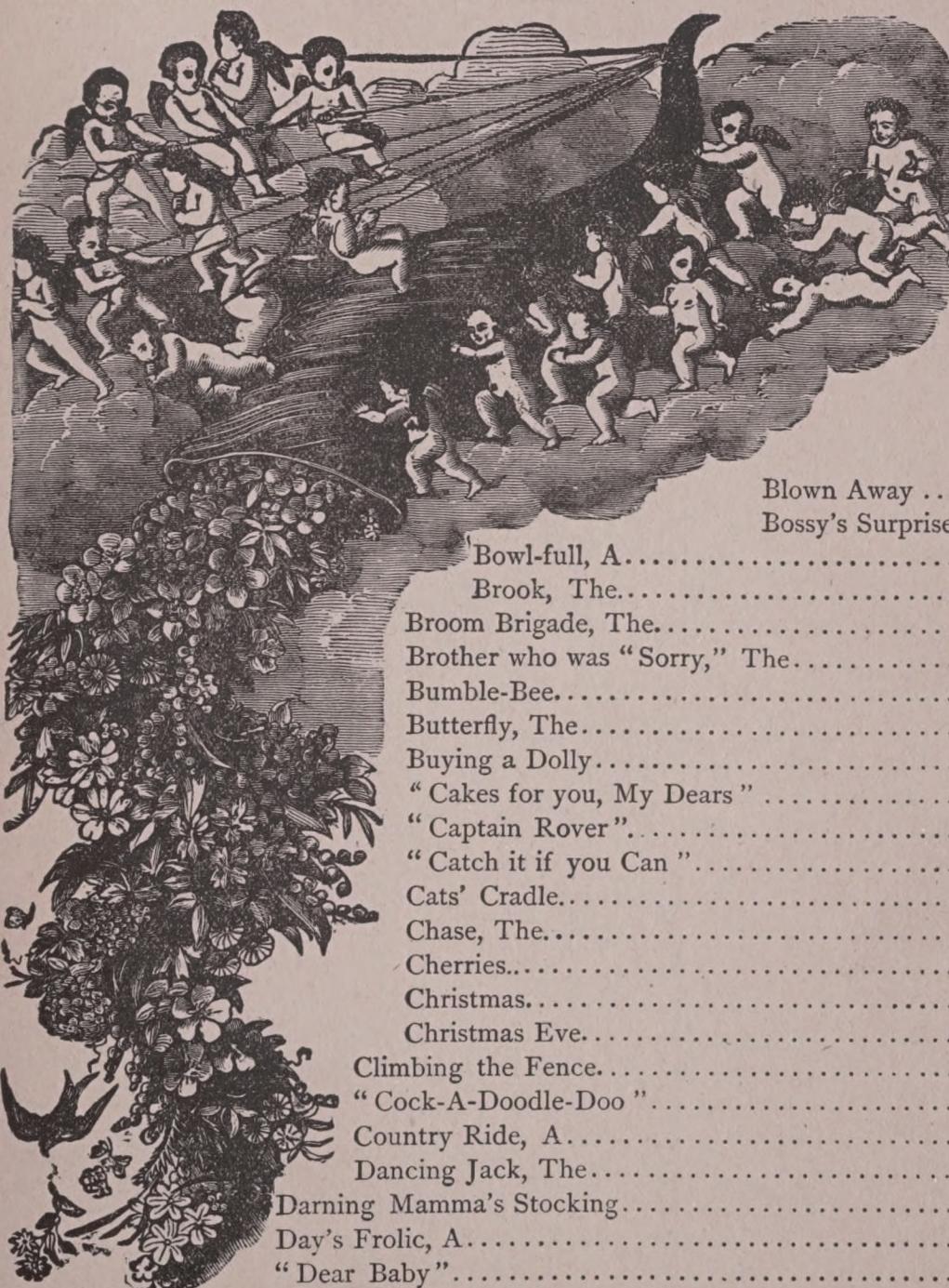
BY HIS

AUNTIE MOLLIE.

M. D. B.



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THE JINGLE BOOK.

O, come, and see our Jingle Book !

Our Jingle Book ! Our Jingle Book !

O, little people far and near,

Do at its pages look !

You'll laugh and laugh, I know you will :
And laughter does all sorrow kill ;
So hasten, children, never fear,
But you will find amusement here.



The Book was written just for you,
And you have nothing else to do
But read and laugh, and laugh and read,
And all the fun you'll ever need

You'll find within the Jingle Book,
When once you come and take a look.
The Jingle Book ! The Jingle Book !
Come, children, at its pages look !

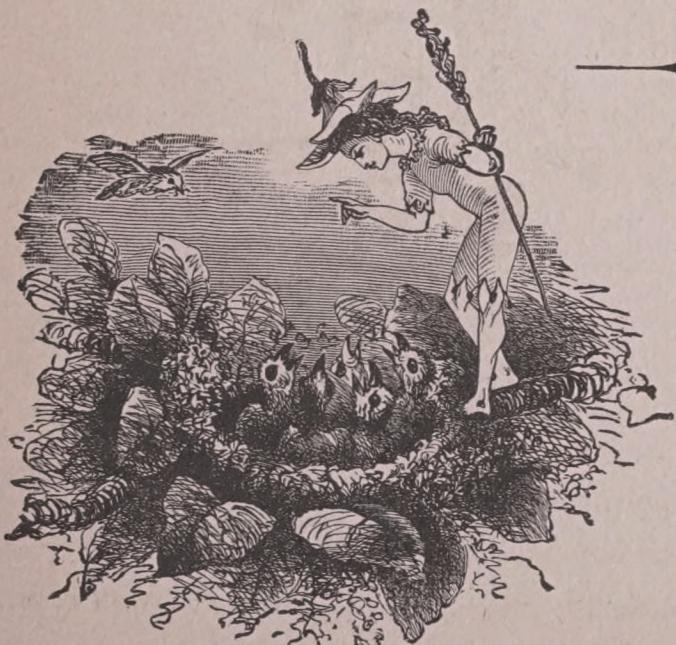


"CATCH IT IF YOU CAN!"

CATCH it if you can now,
Jump, and jump so high ;
Surely you and pussy
Will catch it by and by.

Baby at the window,
Puss and dog below,
One of them enjoys it,
Playing ball, I know.

" Bow-wow-wow," says doggie,
" Meow, meow," says the cat.
" Da-da-da,"—laughs baby.
And—that's the end of *that*.



"WHERE'S MOTHER!"

" WHERE's mother ? " asks the birdies,
" We are afraid of *you* !
Go off, for with our nest
You have nothing, miss, to do."

HERE THEY COME!



THERE THEY GO!



HERE we are : what do you say ?
Don't you think we're fine to-day ?
She's my sister—I'm her brother,
And she hasn't any other.

OFF we go—so good bye !
If you miss us, do not cry.
We may come again some day,
When a longer while we'll stay.



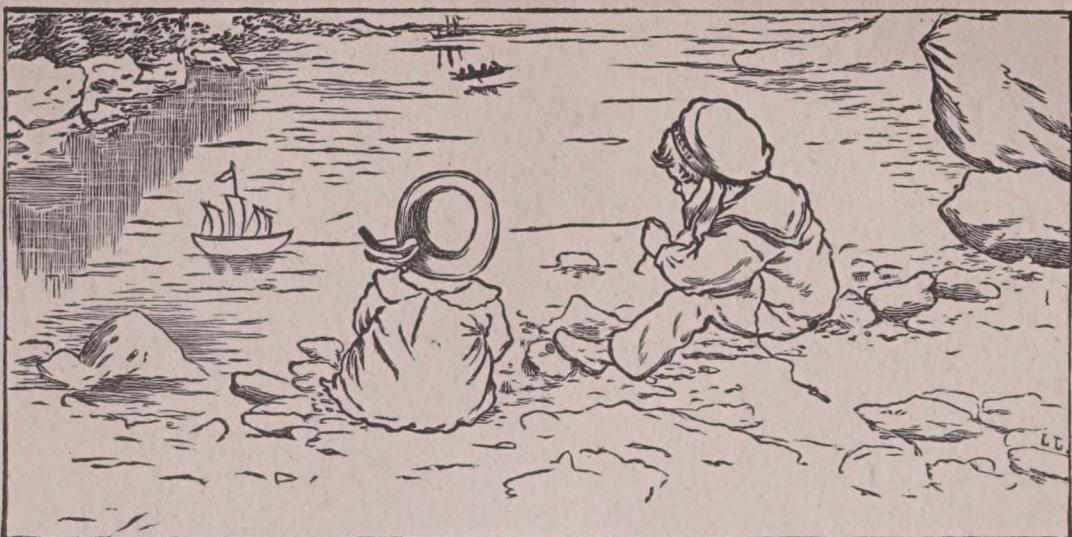
"THE ICE IS MELTED."

THE ice is melted? so it is,
O, doleful chap with doleful phiz !
Well, never mind, next year, perhaps,
You'll have a skate with other chaps.



SAILOR BOY.

SAILOR BOY, sailor boy what do you see?
"A ship on the ocean belonging to me?"
Sailor boy, sailor boy, where is it going ?
"That, my dear sir, is what I would be
knowing."



WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

"WHEN my ship comes home from sea,
I wonder what 'twill bring to me!"
"Gold and silver, never fear,
And we'll buy some candy then, my dear."



THE SNOWBALL AND TOMMY.

THE snowball and Tommy,
One winter's day,
Went up on the hill
For a merry play.
"Come on!" said the Snowball,
"Follow me!"
"I will!" laughed Tommy,
Chuck full of glee.

The hill was steep, and the snowball grew
So tired of play, and of Tommy, too,
That it suddenly turned, and down the hill
Pushed poor little Tommy with right good will.
"Come on!" cried Tommy, "follow me!"
"I will!" said the snowball, icily.





I LOVE HER—SHE LOVES ME.

LOVE her? yes, of course I do!

She's my sister, that is why;

I am always happier, too,

When my darling Lou is by.

I love her, and she loves me!

Merrily the live-long day,

Sharing with our toys and books,

She and I together play.

THE LITTLE MAY-QUEEN.

O, THE merry sunbeams ! O, the merry sight !
 Little lads and lassies 'neath the sunshine bright !
 On the throne of daisies, blossoms in her hair,
 Laughing 'mid her blushes, sits the May-queen fair.
 O'er the sunny meadow, clover-blossoms grow,
 Thro' the nodding grasses, spring-time zephyrs blow ;



Buttercups and daisies lift their pretty heads,
 And watch the violets peeping from their fragrant beds.
 O, the merry May-time, with its charming hours !
 With its skies so tender, and its dainty flowers !
 Dance away, my children, round your little queen,
 May's bright birth-day honor with a dance upon the green.
 O, the little May-queen !
 All too shy to say
 How she enjoys the honor of being "Queen of May!"



HOW IT BEGAN.

SHE only wanted a drink, you see,
For she was thirsty as she could be.

She couldn't wait for help, oh no !
For *waiting* would be so very slow.

So into the pan her head she dipped,
And on the floor her little foot slipped.

And, little folks, if you care to know
Just how it ended,—look below.

HOW IT ENDED.

“ Oh, won’t somebody *please* come quick ?
I’m all upset, and I feel so sick !

“ The pan was big, and while I was drinking
My foot, before I was even thinking,

“ Went speedily *up*, as my head went *down*,
And the milk pan tilted over my crown ;

“ And oh, dear me ! I feel so sick !
Won’t somebody take the pan off—quick !



“ When I am thirsty again, you’ll see,
I’ll ask *mamma* if she’ll please help me ;

“ And I’m very sure that I will not slip,
And into a pan my *whole head* dip,

“ For I’ll take my milk in my own glass cup,
And keep myself carefully—*right side up*.”



“ UP-A-DAISY.”

UP-A-DAISY ! see him come !

Dear little man !

Up-a-daisy, one step more,

Fast as he can.

Going down may easier be,

But *climbing up* is best.

And when the very top you gain,

Then, baby, take a rest.

So up-a-daisy, one step more,

Dear baby-man.

Give sister both his chubby hands,

She'll help him all she can.

“ LET GO !”

“ LET go of me ! let go, I say !

Won't some one call the dog away ? ”

No, *naughty* boy, you teased young Jack,

And *Rover*, for it, pays you back.

No wonder master Jackie there,

So little for your plight can care !



If you had not hurt Jackie so,

The dog would have been kind, you know.

But boys who evil do, are sure

To meet at last a wholesome cure.



Now you're washed and dressed so fine,
And in the sky the sun does shine,
So we will take a little walk
And of our own affairs we'll talk ;
In spite of all you make me do,
I'm glad, my children dear, for you.

MAMMA AND HER FAMILY.

O, my children, can't you see
What dreadful care you are to
me ?
I have to wash you every day,
And don't have half my time for
play ;
You are *so* dirty, children dear,
I'll never get you washed, I fear.



SO THEY SAY.

THERE'S something over the other side,
So they say, so they say ;
And all the children climbed the fence
The other day, the other day ;
I'm sure I don't know what they found,
But probably *only* trees and ground.

LITTLE GRANDMAMMA.

HALLO, my little grand-mamma !
 What are you doing there ?
 Your cap and spectacles make you Quite ancient, I declare.
 But pray, where are your wrinkles ? I'm ready to believe
 For all your quaint appearance
 You're planning to deceive.
 Your dimples are too merry,
 Your eyes too blue and clear,



To make you altogether A "Grandmamma," my dear.
 Throw off your cap and glasses,
 Put off that look demure,
 As just my little mischief I'll like you best, I'm sure.
 We'll save the cap, my darling,
 Until some day you are
 Grown very gray and wrinkled
 A "truly" Grandmamma.



THE HAY-FIELD.

DEAR little May
 In the hay-field at play,
 Busy and happy
 This glad sunny day,
 Arms full of hay,
 Heart full of glee,
 Oh what a glad little
 Girlie is she !



"PEEK-A-BOO!"

"PEEK-A-BOO ! I see *you* !
Pussy cat, oh, peek-a-boo !"
"Peek-a-boo ! how do you do ?
Little girl, I see you too !"
"Pussy, will you come and play
Hide and seek with me to-day ?"
"I'll be with you in a trice
After I have caught some mice."

SLEEPY TIME.

BECAUSE the little lambs have gone
 To sleep so long ago,
 And every little bird has flown
 Safe to its nest, you know ;
 Should not *my* little lambkin hie
 To the sweet land of
 Lullaby ?

Because the merry day is gone,
 And twilight shadows fall,
 And the bright sun has said good-night,
 To lambs, and birds, and all ;—
 Should not *my* birdie seek his nest,
 And thro' the night-time sweetly rest ?
 Lullaby !



Because a snowy little crib,
 With pillow soft and white,
 Is waiting for a little head,
 With curls so golden bright ;—
 Should not a little head I know,
 Straightway to that white pillow go ?
 Lullaby !

Because Mamma is waiting, too,
 To sing her Lullaby,
 And the Dream Angels wait to close
 Each blue and sleepy eye ;—
 Should not this darling boy of mine
 To Dreamland go till sunbeams shine ?
 Lullaby !



PLAYING "HORSIE."

O WHAT fun on a summer's day,
Three little folks and a doggie at play !
Jack, and Jennie, and baby Jim,
And little bob-tailed, shaggy-haired Tim !

Down the lane, and away they go !
Jack is the racing horse, you know ;
Jennie's the wagon, stout and strong,
And Jim's the driver with whip so long.

Kind little sister with brothers two,
Ready always her share to do,
In the merry playtime, helping along
With love and sunshine the days so long.

Whoa ! now, horsie ! so fast you go,
You'll soon be running away, I know ;
And O, if your wagon you should upset,
What a terrible fright your driver will get !



THE CHASE.

HERE and there, and everywhere,
Up the loft, and down the stair,
Past the barrel, past the broom,
Now in shadow, now in gloom ;
Till at last in John's big boot
Mousey finds a place to suit.

In she creeps from puss to hide,
Pussy's mouth is open wide ;
Quick, oh, quick she follows after ;
Mousey nearly bursts with laughter,
For a hole yawns in the toe,
And out of it does mousey go ;
And while pussy sticks there fast,
Little mouse escapes at last.



MAMMA'S SLEEPY-HEADS.

TIRED! tired! tired! Tired with their play!
Tired of the sunshine, tired of the day!
Come, mamma, and kiss them; little sleepy-heads!
Call good nurse to get them ready for their beds.
Take away their dollies, take away their toys,
Such a little lot of sleepy girls and boys!

BABY LOST!



Lost, a little blue-eyed girl,
With sunny hair all over curl,
Little figure, dainty sweet,
Little, toddling, restless feet.
Lost! a baby!

Lost! Lost! Lost!
A darling little baby!

Up and down the lonely street,
Go the tender baby feet.
Oh! how many baby sighs
Fill with tears the baby eyes,
Oh! poor baby!

Lost! Lost! Lost!
A darling little baby!

Where, oh! where are mamma's arms,
To shield her baby from alarms?
Ah, mamma is coming fast
To find and hold her pet at last.
Cheer up, baby!



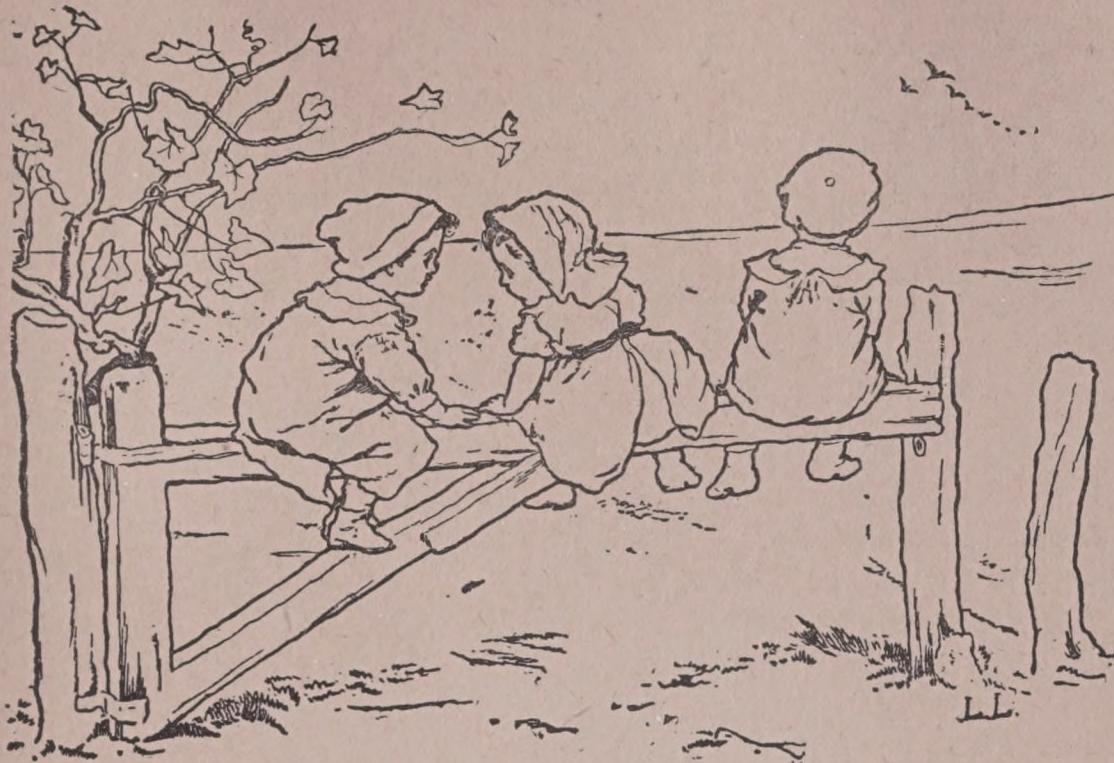
“WHO'S AFRAID?”

Who cares for you, *you ain't* any use !
 You're nothing at all but only a goose !
 “ Only a goose ? Well, what are you ?
 By the looks of your faces, you're both geese, too ! ”
 O, quack, quack, quack !
 That's all you can say.
 But I wish you would waddle
 Another way.
 “ Well, then, I'll go, good-bye, good-bye,
 If I'm only a goose don't cry, don't cry ! ”



“O, YOU PRETTY SHEEP !”

O, you pretty, pretty sheep ! what do you do all day ?
 “ Nothing, little lady, but roam the fields, and play.”
 But when it rains, what do you do ? “ We huddle 'neath the trees,
 And when the sun shines out too warm, 'tis there we get the breeze.”
 O, pretty sheep ! O, white, white sheep, I wish I were a lamb !
 “ That's quite a compliment, I'm sure ; we thank you kindly, Ma'am ! ”



ON THE FENCE.

THREE little people
on the fence.

"Hi! Betty Mar-
tin!"

If you are goin'
London town,
Its time you were
a startin'!"

See, Sammie at
The swallows
stares!

For London town
He little cares.

So, Betty Martin, you
and I,
Will just slip off quite
on the sly,
Eh, Betty Martin?"

Three little people on the fence.

"Hi! Betty Martin!"

The owner 'll come and pack you hence.

O-o-oh! Betty Martin!

If you are going to London town,

Do be a startin'!"

So off they went to London town,
While Sammie little knew it.

But they were sad
When he got mad,
And cried, "How could you do it?"

IT RAINS!

O, DEAR, O, dear, what shall I do!
The rain rains fast, and will wet me thro'!
And my umbrella is nice and new!
The rain will surely spoil it, too!
I wish the drops were light and few.
O, my! I'm in a regular stew!
It's all very well for folks to say "pooh!"
The rain won't harm a snip like you."
But I feel, I know, I'll be wet—boo—hoo!
It rains! it *pours*! what shall I do!



FINE ARTS.



SEVEN young artists as busy as bees,
Painting portraits, and figures, and houses, and trees,
All growing so famous that no one may know
How soon o'er the world their renown shall go !
Seven young artists ! O dear ! O dear !
They're too smart for a person like *me*, I fear !



A DAY'S FROLIC.

IN the meadows at play,
On a summer's day !
O ! *children* know how
To be happy and gay.
The skies are so blue,
And their hearts are so true,
They're sure to be happy
Whatever they do.

And O ! it is fun on a beautiful day
To go out to the meadows and frolic and play.



TWO FRIENDS.

THE nicest dog that ever could be,
Belongs to dear little Bessie Lee.
He's always glad her face to see,
 And barks for "how do you do!"
Wherever she goes, he thinks, you know,
That that is the place where *he* should go,
And wagging his short tail to and fro,
 Barks, "*I* am the boy for you!"



A SAILOR'S KISS.

HEIGH-O ! little sis !
Give, oh, give me a sailor's kiss,
Oh dear me ! oh dear me !
How heavy a little sis can be !
Guess you weigh almost a pound,
When I lift you off the ground.
Give me another sailor's kiss,
And I'll drop so heavy a little sis.



BAKING DAY.

THERE is company coming to-day, you see,
And our cooks are as busy as they can be,
But the dinner'll be spoiled between all three.
What they are cooking I do not know,
But I guess they are roasting an onion or so ;
They'll know more, I think, when they older grow.



GALLANTRY.

ONCE there was a little lad,
Long ago ! Long ago !
He had a copper cent to spare,
You must know, you must
know.



This little lad, to tell the truth,
Was a most open-handed youth,
And when he at the store did meet
A little lass with face so sweet,
Not long and idly did he stand,
But in his pocket dipped his hand,
And to the lass he said, said he,
“I’ll buy the treat for you and me.”

Then said the lass, “If that be true,
I’ll take some pep’mints, thanks to you!”
Then hastened in the lad to try
How much his copper cent would buy.
Came out again with smiling air,
The snowy peppermints to share.
His copper cent was gone, but then,
The happiest he, of little men.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, flowers all a-bloom,
Tie them up together.
Oh, what a joy to gather them
In the sweet June weather!
Make mamma a nosegay sweet;
It will give her pleasure.
We should give our dear mamma,
Without stint or measure,
All the love our hearts can hold—
Love which never can grow cold.

“SO RICH!”

LET me see, let me see !
 If papa gives a cent to me,
 And mamma gives me *three*, no more,
 Why then, why then I shall have *four*.

And if my Uncle Hal says, “Wait,
 Here’s four more for him !” I’ll have *eight*.
 And then how *very* rich I’d be
 If sister’d add *eight* more—for me !



FEEDING THE CHICKIES.

I GAVE them all their breakfast,
 You should have seen them run !
 O, sissie, I can tell you
 'Twas the best kind of fun
 To see old Mistress Speckle
 Rush up and grab the corn,
 And when the others came, ho, ho,
 It every bit was gone.
 But I *gave* 'em all their breakfast, and if some didn’t catch it,
 It was only just because they weren’t quick enough to *snatch* it.

"MY FAMILY!"

O, CHILDREN, look and
see,

These all belong to me !
Two white, and one black
kitty ;

Now aren't they dear and
pretty ?

And see the pretty mother
cat,

I feed her well, and make
her fat.



We like to walk together,
In sunny, pleasant weather;
I like to play that I'm
mamma,
And these my cunning
children are ;
But puss will tell
I treat her well
And that is why, you see,
My kitties, puss, and I, are
such
A happy family.

"GRANDPA'S HOUSE."

WE love to go to Grandpa's
house !

O yes, indeed we do !
For there we have such jolly
times,

And grandpa helps us,
too ;

And grandma makes us
cookies sweet,

And lets us eat, all
day,

And never scolds us for the dirt
That *she* must clear away.

We chase the hens and chickens all
About the farm, you know,
And ride old Dobbin's back, when to
Th mill he has to go ;



And when we climb the
trees, and tear
Our clothes, why, even
then
Dear grandma laughs, and
only says,
"Boys will be boys, not
men!"
And if we fall and hurt our-
selves,
She'll kiss the tears away,
And somehow helps us laugh again,
And start once more at play.
O, grandpa's house is nicer far
Than other houses are,
Because it holds dear grandpa,
And our darling grandmamma !



"THE WAY THE GIRLS DO."

"THIS is the way the girls do," says roguish Master Ned,
As he ties his sister's bonnet on his curly, nodding head.
"This is the way the girls do ; they simper, fuss, and prink ;
But to be a *boy*, and wear a cap, is nicer fun, *I think*."



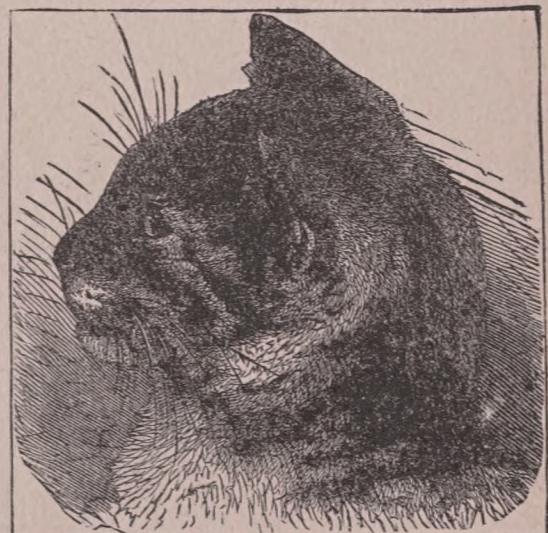
RECOGNITION.

(Cat.)

"I THINK I've seen
that face—
In fact—I'm sure one
night,
It was that very dog
That gave me such a
fright."

(Dog.)

"Those eyes have
glared at me
From off a fence, I'm sure.
And oh, and oh, the scratches
That cat's made me endure !"
"Meow, meow?" "Bow, wow!"



BABY TAKES A WALK.



TAKING a walk in the garden, you see,
With Pussy and Kitty for company.
Hi, little Ned, the rooster is crowing,
His greeting to you and your friends he is showing.
Isn't it pleasant, this beautiful day,
To go out in the garden and frolic and play?



SICK SALLIE.

Poor sick Sallie ! see her lie,
Tho' so bright and blue the sky,
All alone upon her bed,
With a sad pain in her head.

But the dear mamma is near,
Little reader, do not fear,
And from her have come those flowers,
To make bright the sick-room hours.

FEEDING THE FISH.

LITTLE Mistress Susie,
With her apron for a dish,
Has paused here at the brook-side,
To feed the pretty fish.

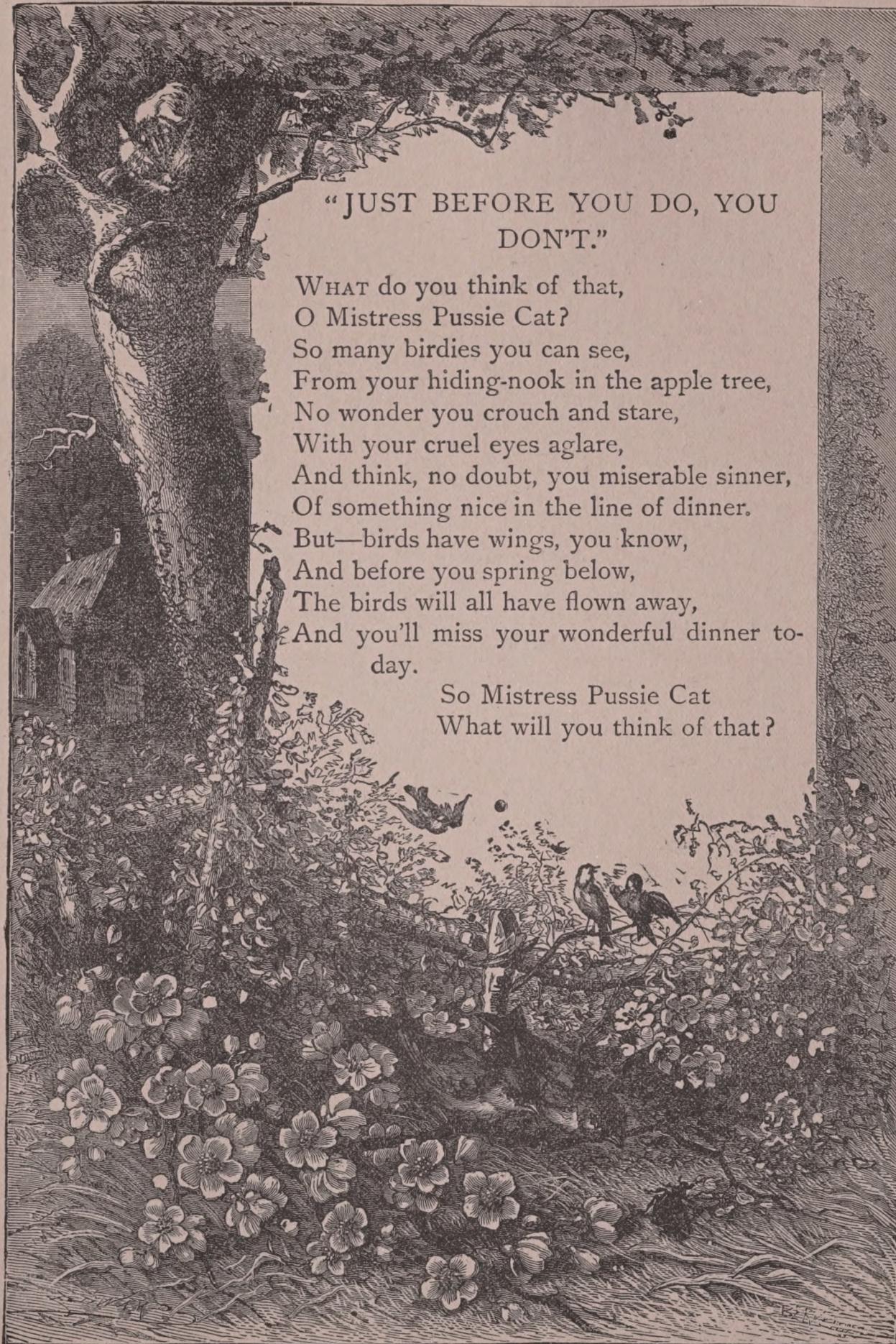
The fish they are so hungry,
They cannot wait a minute,
But the bird has seen the apron,
And stolen half that's in it.



"JUST BEFORE YOU DO, YOU
DON'T."

WHAT do you think of that,
O Mistress Pussie Cat?
So many birdies you can see,
From your hiding-nook in the apple tree,
No wonder you crouch and stare,
With your cruel eyes aglare,
And think, no doubt, you miserable sinner,
Of something nice in the line of dinner.
But—birds have wings, you know,
And before you spring below,
The birds will all have flown away,
And you'll miss your wonderful dinner to-
day.

So Mistress Pussie Cat
What will you think of that?





MAMIE AND THE BIRD.

Y birdie, I love you ! please fly down,
And I'll put some salt on your tail so brown,
And catch you, and carry you off to town.

BIRD :

My girlie, I love you ! but I prefer
From this safe haven not yet to stir,
And going to town I would rather defer.

MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

MOTHER is sewing for baby to-night,

O, baby, you darling, O !

Mother is thinking thoughts happy and bright.

O, baby, you darling, O !

Thinking of future years,

Praying they hold no tears,

And for her child no fears ;

Baby, my dear !



Mother is mending for baby to-night,

O, baby, you darling, O !

Baby will slumber till comes the day-light,

O, baby, you darling, O !

Mother is full of love,

True as the stars above.

Sleep, Mother's little dove,

Sleep without fear.

JAMIE AND THE WIND.

A FROLICKSOME wind came out one day,
And blew our Jamie's hat away.

It blew it up, and blew it down,
And nearly blew it out of town.

And here and there poor Jamie ran,
An out-of-breath, provoked young man !

The hat it dodged him here and there,
Nor for poor Jamie seemed to care.

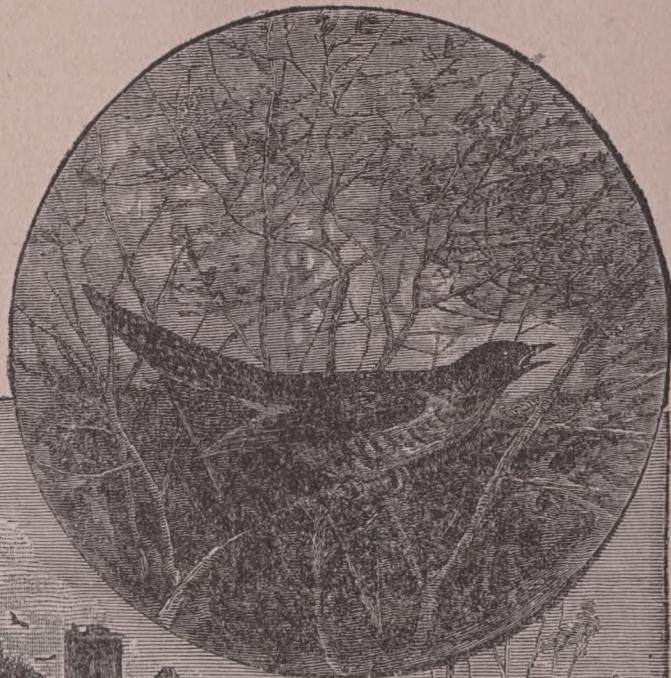
The naughty wind at last relented,
And of its wilful pranks repented.

And Jamie, out of breath, at last
Caught up his hat and held it fast.



BIRDIE'S SONG.

BIRDIE, birdie, what is your song,
 This quiet summer afternoon?
 The sun is casting shadows long,
 The while you pipe your pretty
 tune.



The sky is crimson in the west,
 Your mate is looking for her nest;
 But still you sing your song so gay
 While softly fades the summer day.
 "Good night," you sing. "Good night
 to all,
 To grown up folks and children small."
 And soon you'll fold your wings and
 rest
 All snugly in your own soft nest.



"ALL MINE!"

LITTLE Miss Effie comes out from the store, *O* yes, out from the store !
 Laden with presents, a dozen or more, *O* yes, a dozen or more !
 Little Miss Effie, I pray you turn, and cheer up the two little hearts that yearn
 For a share of the blessings you daily spurn.
 Do not be selfish, but try each day,
 To help somebody's sorrow and trouble away,
 For Christmas should always be kindly and gay.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

NEDDIE caught
 A lot of fish,
 And home he went in glee.
 The bottom of
 The pail fell out,
 O, dear me !
 How can I tell the mournful tale
 Of Neddie and his old tin pail.



Neddie didn't know it, though,
 And so his heart was glad ;
 He hoped to eat fried fish for tea—
 Wasn't it sad !



But when at last he found it out,
 A tear stood in his eye,
 He looked within his empty pail,
 And heaved a sigh.

And thus must end the doleful tale,
 Of Neddie and his old tin pail.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Be kind, little children, wherever you go,
To the poor and the aged, for do you not know
The dear, loving Saviour has bidden us share
Our blessings with all who know trouble and
care?

Be kind and be thoughtful; make sunshine
each day,
For the weary and troubled ones passing your
way.
And you may be sure Heaven's blessing will
rest
In your own hearts forever, a heavenly guest.



PUNISHMENT.

O, FIE, you naughty Dolly, you'd better go to bed,
And just lie there and think, with your night-cap on
your head.

How could you disobey me! You'll turn my hair
all white!

My heart is almost broken for all you've done to-night.
No, no, I will not kiss you, you needn't ask me to.
Could any mother kiss such a wilful child as you?
Of course I love you, dearie, as a good mother should,
But I punish you, my child, for your own little good!

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT IT.

No doubt *she* thinks she is playing a tune!
But *we* think mamma will go wild very soon.

Such a banging and bumping!
And rattling and thumping!

Our poor little Maggie is making to-day,
As over the keys she is racing away!
O, Maggie, do stop! such a discord you're making,
You've set all our nerves a-tingling and shaking;
Just wait till some day when you know more,
my dear,
And you'll be a fine pianist indeed; never fear.





THE "MAKING UP."

WHAT! quarreling with your sister, dear?
I am ashamed of you;
Shake hands, and be at peace again,
Like sisters kind and true.

Why, Susie, you are far too old
To sulk, and pout, and frown;
Let baby's little hand and kiss
Help keep your anger down.

"STAND UP, SIR!"



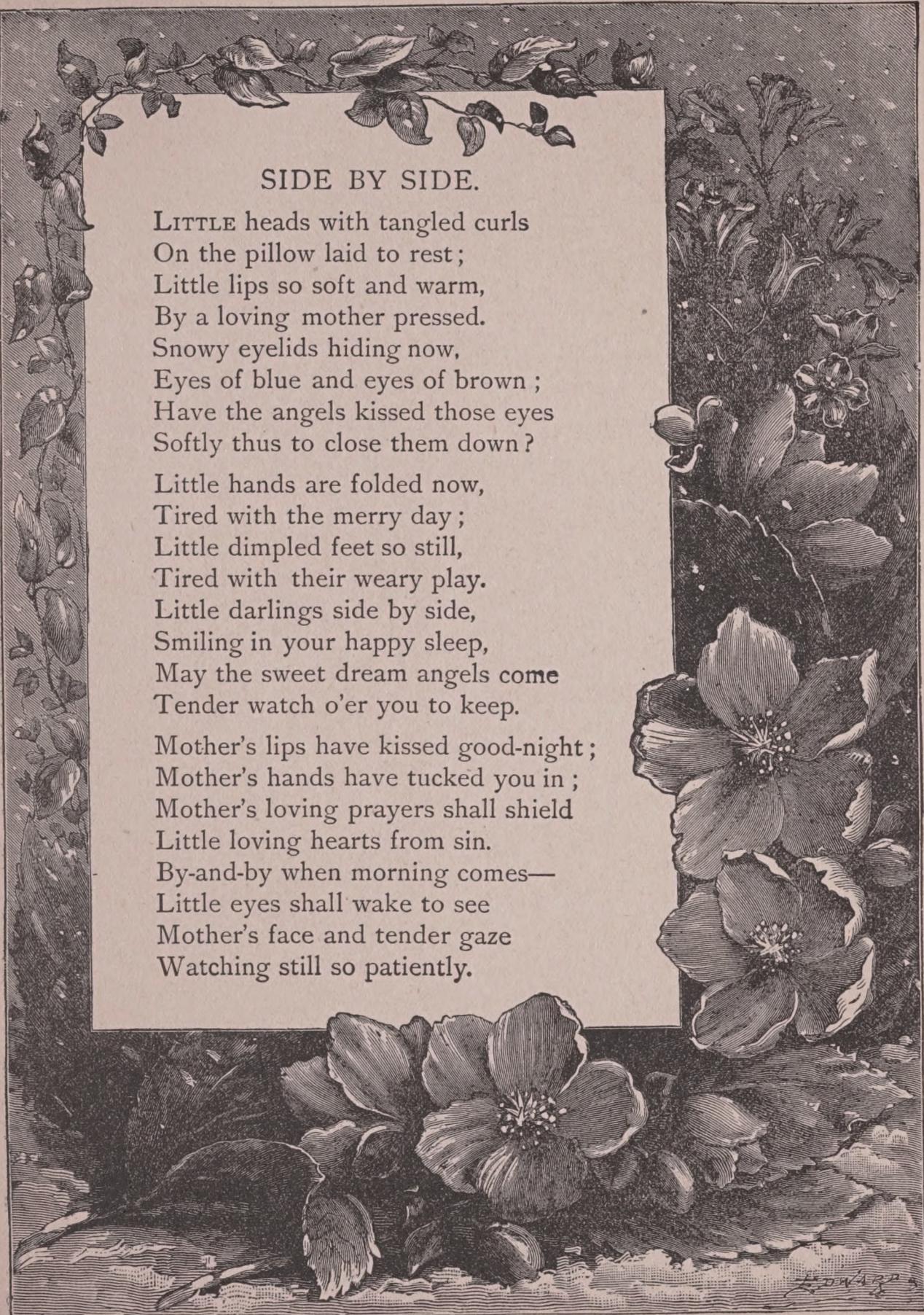
STAND up and beg for it, doggie, do !
Or not a drop will I give to you.
I mind *my* mamma, and always say
"Please, mamma, give me some food to-day."
You're such a proud old doggie I see,
You're far too proud to be begging of me.

SIDE BY SIDE.

LITTLE heads with tangled curls
On the pillow laid to rest;
Little lips so soft and warm,
By a loving mother pressed.
Snowy eyelids hiding now,
Eyes of blue and eyes of brown ;
Have the angels kissed those eyes
Softly thus to close them down ?

Little hands are folded now,
Tired with the merry day ;
Little dimpled feet so still,
Tired with their weary play.
Little darlings side by side,
Smiling in your happy sleep,
May the sweet dream angels come
Tender watch o'er you to keep.

Mother's lips have kissed good-night ;
Mother's hands have tucked you in ;
Mother's loving prayers shall shield
Little loving hearts from sin.
By-and-by when morning comes—
Little eyes shall wake to see
Mother's face and tender gaze
Watching still so patiently.





GRANDMA'S BROTHER.

GRANDMA'S brother was "such a rogue,"

So Grandma says to me,

As now she sits in her easy chair,
With aged face, and soft gray hair,

So old she's grown to be.

And now she talks of "auld lang syne,"
When her limbs were young and strong like mine,
And her brother wore a coat so fine,
"And was naughty like *you*," says she,
As she shakes her head at me.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER.

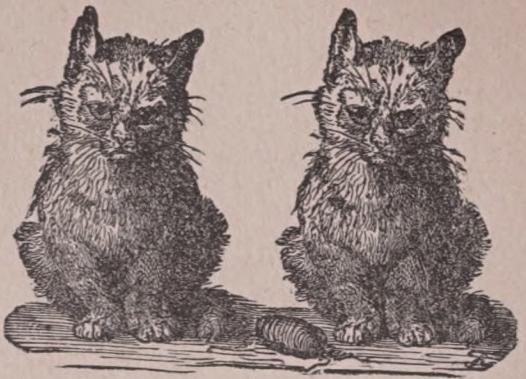
SEARCHING in the meadow grass
For the four leaf clover;
Hunt away, each little lass,
Look the whole field over.
You may search from morn till night,
Ere you find your treasure;
All the "luck" 'twill bring to you,
Is—*patience* without measure.



Searching in the fragrant grass,
Something else you're finding,
While you look for clover-leaf,
Trouble never minding.
Something else, guess what it is.
Ah, you do not know it?
A very happy heart apiece,
Your merry, bright eyes show it.

THE MEWSICAL PAIR.

Two kitty cats one time I knew,
 No sooner had they learned to mew,
 Than down they sat to think and think,
 (With many a wise and sober blink)
 What they could do so grand and fine,
 To make them with great fame to shine.



They pondered o'er and o'er. "Ah me !
 Where can the road to fortune be ?"
 They asked the dog, he shook his head,
 "You'd better go catch mice !" he said,
 "And don't disgrace the family
 By seeking fame so uselessly !
 (Bow-wow !")

One day, one day,
 Those cats, said they,
 With sudden manner
 Blithe and gay,
 "As street mewsicians we will see
 How famous we shall shortly be !
 Meow ! Meow !"

So off they started one fine night,
 With voices tuned and pitched aright;
 One howled soprano, while her friend,
 With alto loud the air did rend.

But people in the neighborhood
 Seemed not to think
 The concert good;
 Oh, no !

They gained no pennies
 For their cup,
 But many a window
 Did fly up,
 While bootjacks speedily flew out,
 The concert cats to kill or rout.
 Ah, me ! ah, my ! it was a pity,
 In all that great and glorious city,
 No person—(wasn't it a shame ?)
 Helped those poor kitty cats to fame !
 What woe !





"We'll pelt these lazy little folks,
With apples by the score,
And never cease till they, at last,
With bumps are covered o'er."

So down, down, down the apples fell,
Around about each side !
Till squirrel No. 1 beheld
Jack's round mouth open wide.

Then squirrel No. 2, and he,
Shook down one apple more,
It hit poor Jackie on his nose,
And spoiled his sweetest snore !

THE SQUIRRELS' TRICK.

WHAT do you think of a boy and girl
Who went to walk one day,
And laid themselves beneath the trees,
To yawn the hours away ?

Now to the apple-tree above
Came little squirrels two,
Said they — on mischief full intent—
"Here's something we can do.



"SURE YOU WON'T TELL?"

PARTING WORDS.

"Now you're *sure* you won't tell?" "Not I, oh, no!"
"And you'll keep it a secret?" "Wherever I go."

"Well, then—Charlie told me,—but oh, dear me!
I—guess I won't tell it; I dare not, you see!"

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."



CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
I wish old Santa Claus *lived* here.
I'd like new presents every day,
And then I'd give the old away
To children who are poor and sad,
And don't have much to make them glad.
If Santa Claus came every day,
I'd help him give his gifts away ;
And there are plenty I could find,
To whom I'd love to be so kind.

ORPHANS.

WE are so lonely, sister and I !
Sometimes, indeed, we are ready to cry
When we see other children with dear mammas,
And brothers and sisters with kind papas,
While we have none: If *our* parents were here,
We would never grieve them, or cause them a tear,
But we'd try our best to be always good,
As children who love their dear parents should.



"DEAR BABY."



EAR little baby swing high, swing low,
"D" is for darling, don't you know ?
"D" is for dearie, dove, and dear,
"D" is for dumpling, too, that's clear,
And what are *you* but a dumpling, pray ?
And a darling and dearie every day,
And cooing to mamma your words of love,
You're just a dear little cooing dove.

Dear Baby !



O, POOR DOLLY!

SHE was a pretty dolly ! Her eyes were china blue,
And her hair—well, let me see—of a lovely carrot hue,
And her mouth was, O, so rosy ! like a lovely scarlet bean ;
In fact, no prettier dolly was ere in this world seen.
But, O ! boo-hoo ! boo-hoo ! Whatever shall we do ?
For our dolly's killed and dead, and her head is split in two !

DOT AND TOT.

Dot and Tot must go to school,
There must be no delaying !
The little rogues have really
had
Too much of idle playing.
So, now, we'll pack them off to
school,
And set them down to book
and rule.



Off they go with sober face,
And little hearts half broken,
And many a doleful step they take,
Before a word is spoken ;
Then Dot, says she, and Tot, says he,
“I wish big folks would let us be !”

Now school is out, and home they come,
The little man and maiden ;
Their eyes are bright, and each wee heart
With happiness is laden.
For Tot and Dot, now school is o'er,
Can go to merry play once more.



NAUGHTY GIRL.

NAUGHTY girl, how can she frown,
And look so cross to-day,
When her sister kindly tries
To make her smile and play ?
Naughty girlie, let the smiles
Chase the frowns away.



A BOWL-FULL.

"MINE's hot, is yours?" "Yes."
"This is better than pie, I guess."
"Wait a moment, let me see :
Mamma gave *you* more than me!"
"Never mind, who cares ! not we!"

THE BROOM BRIGADE.



THE Broom Brigade ! away they go,
With stately step, precise and slow,
Willie, Jamie, little Sue,

Intent on plenty of work to do.
They'll clean the house from top to toe,
Then off to play they'll gladly go.



WINTER TIME.

HERE's the winter come again,

Heigh ho ! for Winter time !

Little readers, one and all,

Let us welcome it in rhyme.

Winter is the time for sport—

But O ! the bushes are so bare,

One cannot find a pretty bud

Upon the branches anywhere.

But *ice* there is, for winter's play,

And boys can skate, the live-long day ;

And little girls on sleds may go,

With boys to "play at horse," you know.

And oh, what fun to play together

With snowballs in the frosty weather !

It makes the children's cheeks so red.

(Jack Frost the painter, is, 'tis said,)

And while their hearts are glad and light,

You'll find their eyes are always bright.

But pretty buds and leaves so green

Must wait till ice no more is seen.

Birdies like the winter, too,

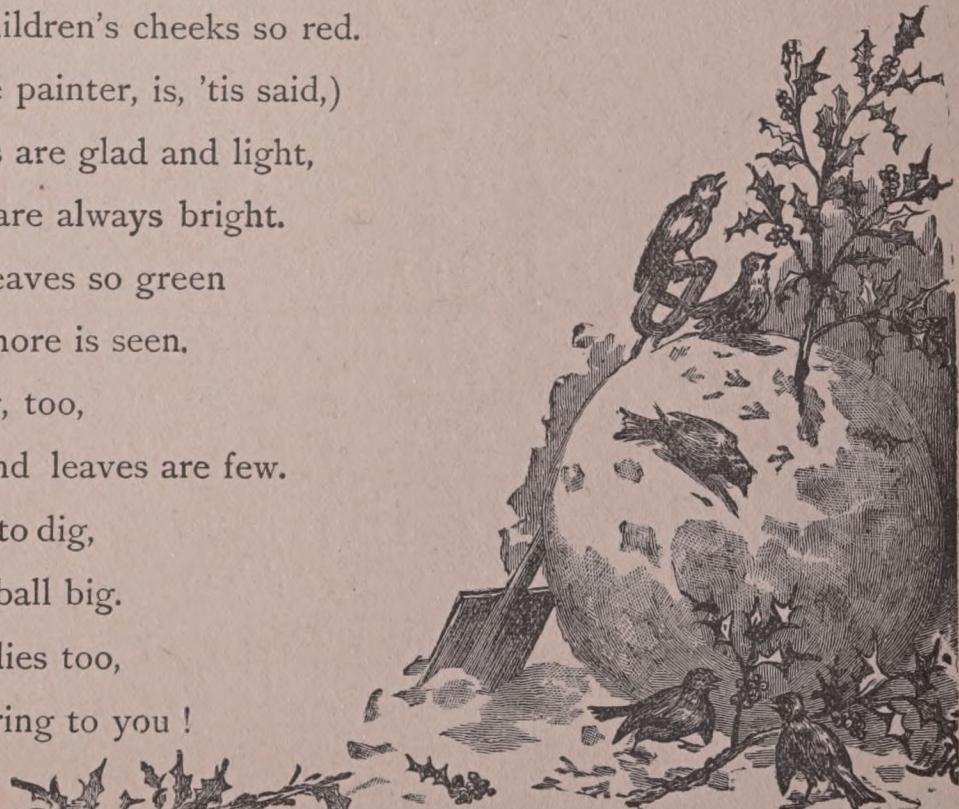
Tho' trees are bare and leaves are few.

In the snow they like to dig,

E'en tho' it be a snowball big.

So boys and girls, and birdies too,

Much sport may Winter bring to you !



MAMMA'S LITTLE ASSISTANTS.

BRINGING home the wash,
To help Mamma to-day.

Tripping o'er the meadow,
With little hearts so gay.

They live just in the cottage,
Underneath the hill.

But they help Mamma in working,
With earnest heart and will.

"We're Mamma's assistants!"
They will say to you.



And looking at their faces,
We know their tale is true.

“LITTLE COMFORTER.”

DID the hornet bite her brother?
So it did, the naughty thing!
And her little lips, so tender,
Will remove the awful sting!

Did it hurt him very badly?
Yes, it did. O dear! O dear!
Isn't he a lucky fellow,
To have little sister near?

O, she's just a little comfort,
And she's quick to understand,
There is nothing, quite, like kisses,
Sweet, to heal her brother's hand.

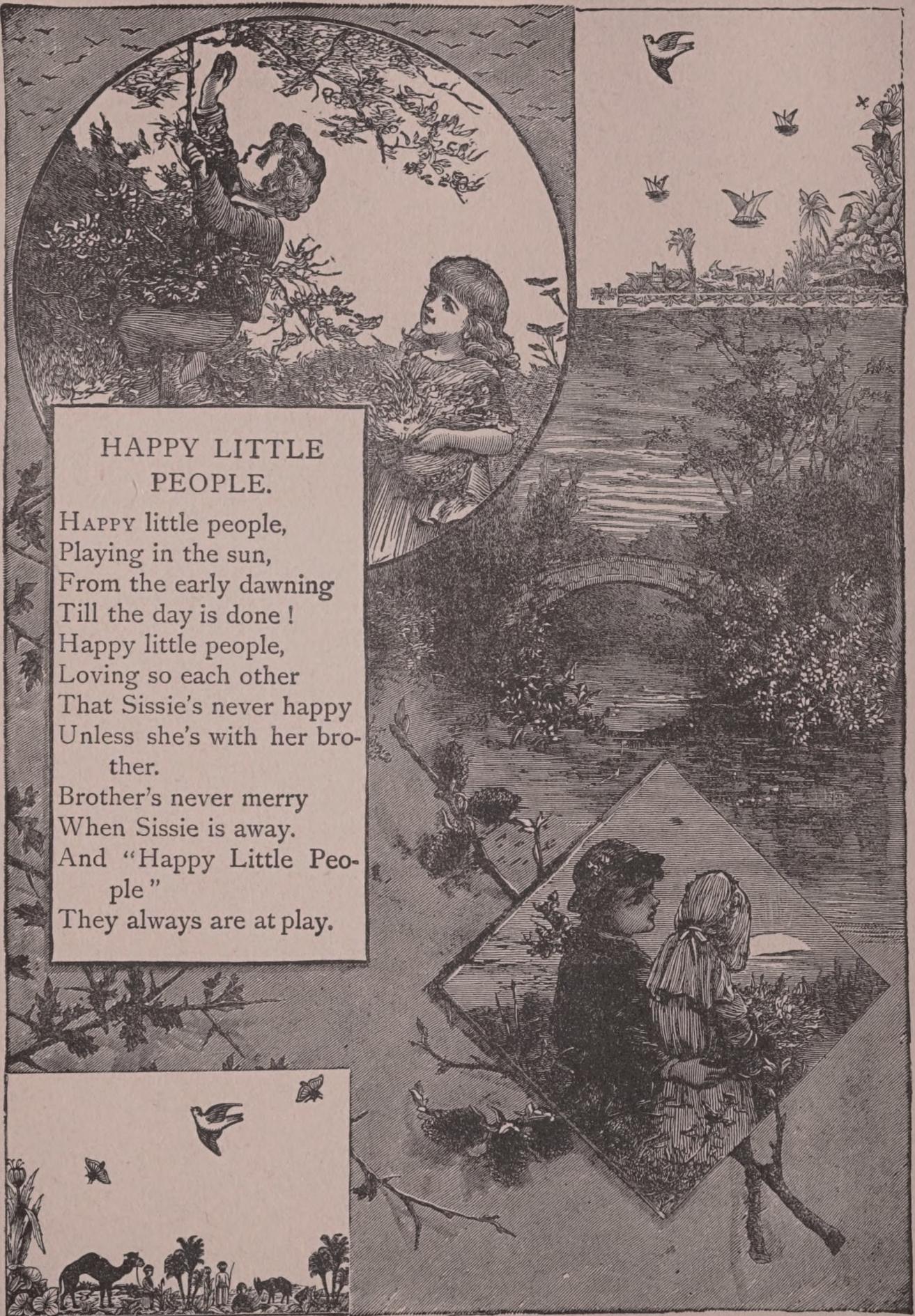


So the naughty wasp can't hinder,
The two children from their play,

And no other bad thing happens,
All throughout the happy day.

HAPPY LITTLE PEOPLE.

HAPPY little people,
Playing in the sun,
From the early dawning
Till the day is done !
Happy little people,
Loving so each other
That Sissie's never happy
Unless she's with her brother.
Brother's never merry
When Sissie is away.
And "Happy Little People"
They always are at play.





HUNTING EGGS.

HUNTING eggs one summer's day,
Charlie boy, and little May,
What do you think our Charlie found,
Where once were twelve eggs, white and round?

Twelve wee fluffy, downy things,
With dainty feet and tiny wings.
Said May, "Whoever heard of eggs,
That ran about on yellow legs?"



YOU GO FIRST!

"You go first, for I'm afraid!"
Timid little Jessie said.

"There are cows in yonder lane,
They chased us once, and will again."

"Pooh," said Johnny, "follow me!
I'll keep the cows away, you'll see!"

The cows gave just one glance that way,
And *two scared children ran, that day.*



THE SERENADE.

Two little girls went out one day,
A little music sweet to play,
To butterflies, and birds and bees,
And e'en the squirrels in the trees.

A lazy snail came creeping by,
And paused to listen, on the sly—
A hungry rooster came along—
And the snail never heard the end of that song.
(Too bad!)



“THERE'S PAPA!”

THERE'S papa! I see him standing over there!
Look, mamma, he's buying some candy, I declare;
Candy for “his darling,” that is *I*, you know.
Is it at any wonder I love my papa so?

I was tired of waiting : I thought he'd *never* come,
But now he's buying candy, and going to give me
some ;
I'll wait for him forever, and very patient be,
For something's coming quickly with my papa to me.

AT HOME.

ONLY a worn-out shoe,
But then I guess it will do.



We'll build our nest and “at home” will be,
Till the neighbors have called upon you and
me.



“MY NEW HOOPLE!”

MAMMA bought it for me
To trundle o'er the ground.
I like my pretty hoople,
It is so large and round.
I'm six years old
This very day.
Quite big enough to run and play.

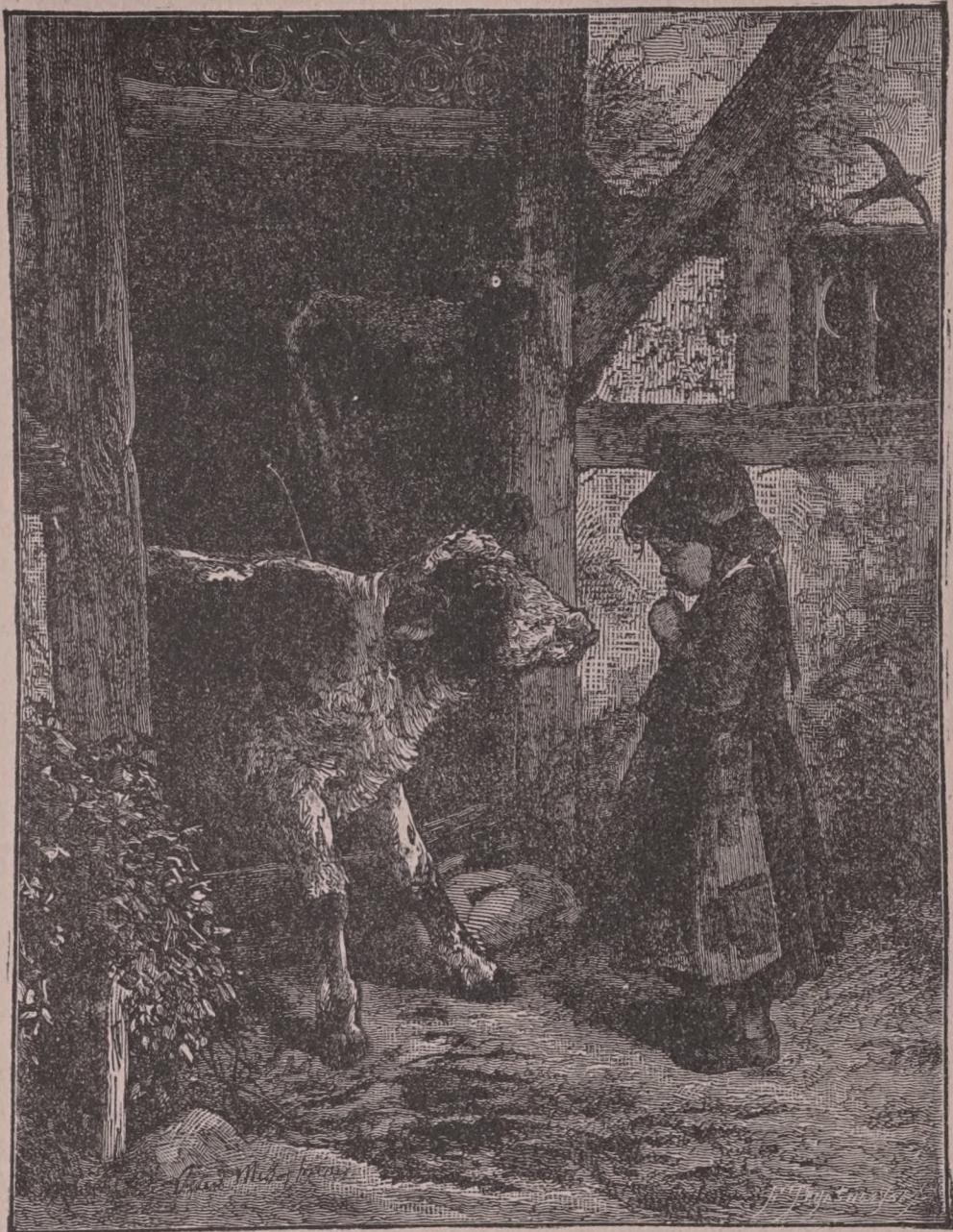


THE LITTLE HOSTESS.

My Mamma will soon be down, sir,
She's pretty busy now,
But I will entertain you, sir,
As well as I know how.

Yes, sir ; my dolly's pretty well ;
I've got a little kitty.
Do you have toys for little girls ?
Do you live in the city ?

No, sir ; I never cry at all,
'Cept a *few* times a day ;
I wish Mamma would hurry down,
'Cause *I* would like to play.



THE YOUNG NEIGHBORS.

“ HALLO ! how do you do, my dear ?
I wonder what brings *you* out here ?”
“ I came to have a look at you,
Dear little calf, how do you do ?”
Then calf’s mamma, and May’s mamma,
Thought,—“ wonder where those children are ?”

MISS GREEDY.



Two at a time ? for shame ! for shame !
 "Little Miss Greedy," is your name.
 That all the children may see how you look,
 I'm going to put you, my dear, in a book.

None, I'm sure would call you pretty—
 Indeed, they'd say it was quite a pity
 So greedy a girl should have a share
 Of apples so round and sweet and fair.

Do be careful, my little dear,
 Your mouth will stretch out of shape, I fear ;
 Even pussy is growing afraid
 To see you so greedy, my selfish maid.
 Two at a time ! for shame ! for shame !
 Little Miss Greedy is your name.

SO NEAR, YET SO FAR.

If only I could catch you,
 You most provoking ball,
 I'd tie you so you couldn't
 Fly away at all.

O, may be you are thinking
 That, like the birdies, you
 Can fly away and frolic
 Up in the sky so blue.

Come back and take me with you,
 I'll hang upon the string,
 And a funny birdie I shall be
 With a big balloony wing.





LITTLE GOSSIPS.

O, WHAT in the world is the secret about?
I wonder, indeed, if 'twill ever leak out?

Such a nodding of heads,
Of all colors and sizes,
Such an opening of eyes
As tho' wondrous surprises
Were being discussed by this gossiping party,
Whose "ohs" and whose "ahs"
Are provokingly hearty.

Is it Lucy's new bonnet, or Tommy's new hat ?
If it isn't of this, is it, tell me, of that ?

Is it all about doughnuts ?
Or apples and cake ?
Or of some wondrous pie
That cook Bridget will bake ?
Or may be, in fact, I am sure it is this,
Some one saw Master Bobby
Give Katie a kiss !

“TICKETS FREE.”

Hi diddle, diddle,
Says the “cat in the fiddle,”
Three babies in bed,
And one in the middle.
I'll call all my cousins
To come to my aid,
And give to the sleepers
A grand serenade.

And no fine Thomas Concert,
That ever should be,
Can rival the song
Of such singers as we.
So hi diddle, diddle,
With feelings intense,
We'll warble our sweetest
Upon—the back fence.



OVER THE BROOK.

OVER the brook goes Patty wee,
You'd think she was going to cross the sea;
She takes a step, then stops to think,
While the ripples flow over as quick as a
wink !
Poor, timid, wee Patty ! by hook or by
crook,
I trust she will *sometime* cross the brook.



I FELL DOWN.

" I FELL down, but I didn't get hurt,
But what do you think mamma will say ?
For I got my dress all covered with dirt,
And I just was fixed to come out and
play."
" O, poor little sister ! I'm sorry for you !
But mamma will *love* you whatever you
do ! "



THE WALL-FLOWERS

WALKING in my garden, one pleasant sunny day,
Looking at the flowers blooming, bright and gay,
I suddenly discovered the choicest lot of all,
Growing right beside me, above the garden wall.
Dainty little wall-flowers, who watched me on my walk,
And the funniest thing was this, that they all *began to talk*.



ON THE BEACH.

WHO wants to buy my little ship,
And sail it o'er the sea?

I will exchange with anyone
Who'll give a dime to me.

Come, Master, you its captain are,
And Sis its mate shall be.

The ship we'll call the "Nancy Lee,"
And I can be the "crew," you see.

And o'er the waves we'll sail in glee,
If you will buy the ship from me.

THE BROTHER WHO "WAS SORRY."

SORRY? yes indeed!

Surely he had need

To ask his little sister

To forgive him for his wrong.

He only meant to tease,

But repented on his knees.

And the quarrel and the sorrow

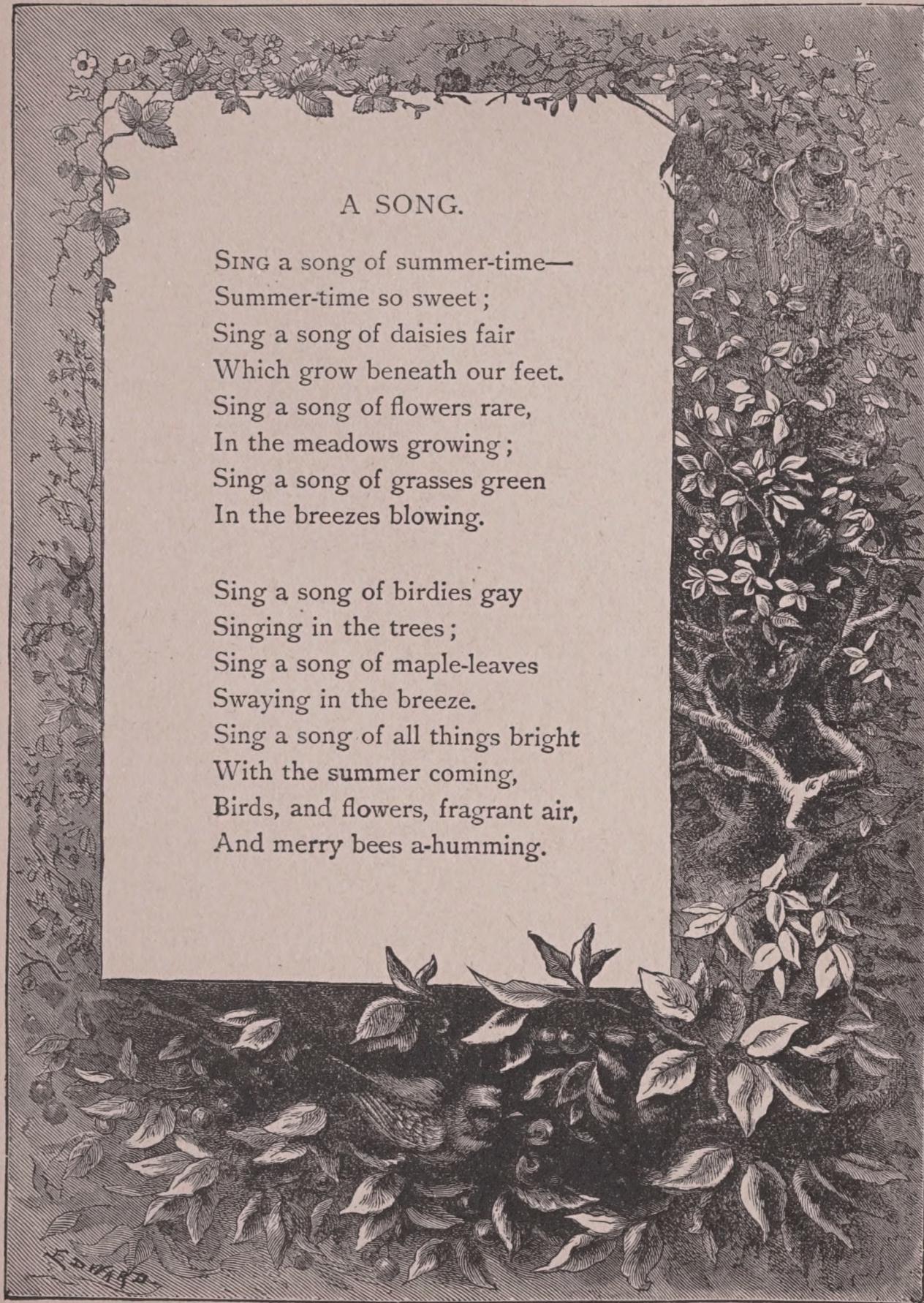
Were over before long.



A SONG.

SING a song of summer-time—
Summer-time so sweet ;
Sing a song of daisies fair
Which grow beneath our feet.
Sing a song of flowers rare,
In the meadows growing ;
Sing a song of grasses green
In the breezes blowing.

Sing a song of birdies gay
Singing in the trees ;
Sing a song of maple-leaves
Swaying in the breeze.
Sing a song of all things bright
With the summer coming,
Birds, and flowers, fragrant air,
And merry bees a-humming.



MARCH.

Now don't be afraid of the wind; what harm can it do, little girl!

Beyond blowing your dress about, and putting your hair out of curl!

The trees and the shrubs do not mind it, and why in the world need you?

For it only laughs at your fright, in spite of all you may do.

Old March is having a frolic; he loves to kiss little folks.

And the only way to get on is to patiently bear his jokes.

Or, whew! when he gets angry, I tell you it is no hoax!



PAPA'S GLASS.

THROUGH papa's glass,
I see them pass,
The ships upon the sea.

Though far away
They sail each day,
This brings them near to me—
My papa's glass.



I see the trees,
Clear as you please,
Upon the distant shore.
To tell you true,
I never knew
That they were there before.
And though I'm but a *little*
lass,
I love to look through papa's
glass.



"I'M SORRY!"
"I'm sorry, I am!
Let me get down!"
Cries little Miss Betty,
With tear and frown.
No, Betty must sit
In the corner awhile,
Till she's ready again,
To say with a *smile*,
(And not a pout and a
naughty frown),
"I'm sorry, I am; let me
get down!"

"OUR PAIL!"
"SAY, Jack, let's dig
Clamshells nice and
big."
"All right; 'course
we will,
Our new pail to fill."
"Ain't you glad we've
got a pail?"
"Yes, I am, that's
true!
For what we'd do
without it now,
I do not know, do you?"
"'Tain't Bridget's pail at all, you know,
But just *our* pail, Mamma said so."

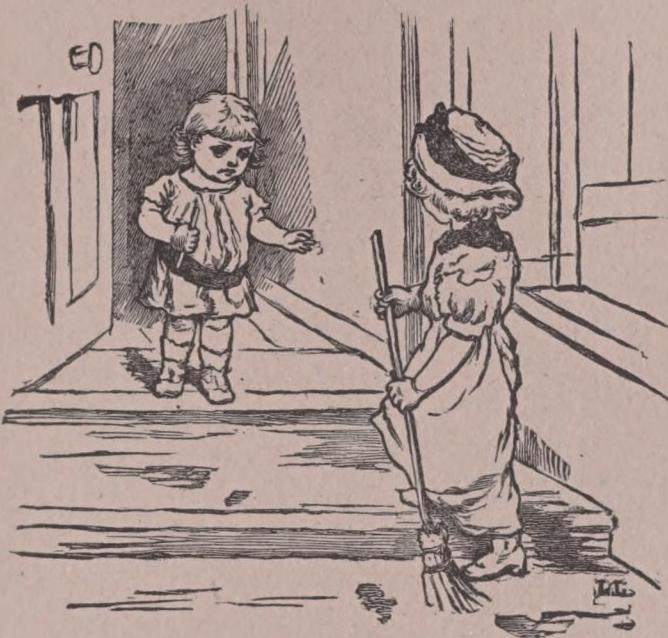


BABY'S DOG.



BABY's dog, and doggie's baby—
Such a loving pair !
Each the other's joys and sorrows,
Willing is to share.
Where you find the one, the other
Surely will be there.

THE LOST FORTUNE.



"O, SISTER, I've lost my fortune,
A nice big fortune, too ;
It's all I have in the wide, wide world ;
Look for it, sister, do !
I lost it on the sidewalk,
Half a minute ago,
And if I do not find it,
To the poorhouse I must go."

"What was your fortune, brother ?
I'll look with might and main !
I'll sweep from here to London town,
And then sweep back again,
But what I'll find it for you ;
What was your fortune, pray ?"
"It was a bright new penny,
Mamma gave me to-day."

BACK FROM THE PUMP.

BACK from the pump
came Ben, one day,
With water for his dear
mamma ;
For all the men about
the house
Were Bennie and his
sick papa.

So Bennie all the er-
rands ran,
And helped his mother
—little man—
With cheerful heart and willing feet,
And mother paid with—kisses sweet.



AMUSING HER WEE LADYSHIP.

O, DEAR ! what can we do to amuse the baby to-day ;
Come, children, and help me think at what shall we
join in play :

"Ring around rosie ?" we're tired of that ;
We can't play "Tag," for we're all too fat.

O, dear ! let us play horse, baby can drive us all,
And we must be careful very, or baby will have a fall.
Five big horses all in a row !
See how willingly off they go !

O dear ! isn't it fun ! (for *baby*, though not for *us*) ;
And if we should pause to rest, why baby will make
a fuss ;
"Get up, horsey, go 'long !" says she,
O, we are amusing her ladyship wee.





BABIES.

BABY girl and baby chickens,
Out of doors together,
Playing in the sunshine of
The pleasant summer
weather ;
All so fine and pretty in
Their dainty dress and
feathers,
Baby girl and baby chickens
Out of doors together.



"Cluck, cluck, cluck,"
Says mamma hen ;
"What a pretty girlie !
Such brown eyes and rosy lips,
And bonny hair so curly !"
"Wee-wee-wee," the chickens say,
"Let us run and meet her,

And with just our sweetest songs,
Merrily we'll greet her."

"Oh, oh, oh !" the baby cries,
"Let us play together ;
Little chickies, birdies, hens,
In the pleasant weather."

“ONLY DOLLS!”



OH yes, we're only dolls, but then
 We have some *feelings*, too,
 And little mothers need not think
 We don't mind *all* they do.
 When we're left out in cold and rain,
 Or dragged upon the floor,
 Why, no one knows just how our bones
 Are aching o'er and o'er.
 So, little, mothers
 Do be kind,
 And bear this hint
 We give, in mind.

THE FAIRY RIDE.

A BUTTERFLY for a horse,
 A leaf for a chariot,
 And away the fairy driver flies
 To the land of—"don't know what."
 His whip is a stalk of grain,
 His dress is made of gauze ;
 And he takes a ride, as the children say—
 " He takes a ride—because—
 Because he *wants* to, don't you see ?"
 And that is enough of a reason for me.





"THEY LOOK GOOD."

INDEED, indeed, indeed they do !
They look just good enough to eat.
And I'm the girl that's all too fond
Of just such goodie things so sweet.
There's jam and honey,
Nice preserves.
(Just what a girl
Like me deserves.)
And lumps of sugar ! goody me !
"Sweets to the *sweet*," they say, you
see.
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear,
I'd better get away from here ;
Or else I surely shall forget,
And think I am a *mouse*, I fear.

THE FAIRY BOAT.

DEAR little fairy, whither away,
With your pretty shell-boat this beautiful day ?

" I'm going to sail to slumber land
And carry a little sleepy band



Of babies way to the dream-shore bright,
And leave them there till the morning light."



"GET UP, BABY!"

GET up, baby, don't you see
The sun is in the west?

And you and I beneath the tree,
Have had a good long rest.

A BASKETFUL.



A BASKETFUL of flowers, dainty, fresh, and fair,
O, how sweet and fragrant ! see !
Wheresoe'er I take them they perfume all the
air—

God has made them grow for me !
I will gladly take them to the poor and sad,
Nature's sweetest comforts they !
They in their bright beauty will make a sad
heart glad,
Driving all the pain away.

MASTER HELPFUL.

MASTER HELPFUL, whither away ?
Are you going to work, or going to play ?
"O, I must go to the fields and see
If any man there can work faster, or be
More smart than I,
'Neath the harvest sky,
As I rake and gather the new-mown hay."



“LET'S PLAY TEA.”



LET's play tea, it is such fun :
 I'll pour some milk, now, for each one.
 Baby—he shall be the king,
 See his crown, the cunning thing.



THREE FRIENDS.

“POOH,” says the frog,—“you needn’t snub me,
 Because I am only a little frog-gie.
 Three proud friends, tho’ proud you may be,
 I’ll hop the farthest, you soon shall see.”



HOUSEKEEPING.

THEY were a loving couple,
And they built a cosey nest,
Right snugly in the thicket
Where the little wife might rest,
While the husband bird was singing
His tuneful serenade,
And the wifie bird was listening
In the midst of leafy shade.
But one day a cruel hunter
Came shooting by that way,
And there was but one bird nesting
When came the close of day.
Oh, how long the wifie waited,
For the mate that sang no more!
Dear boys, are you not sorry
For that birdie's heart so sore?

“WHAT'S THE NEWS?”

“O ! what's the news from town ?

 O ! what's the news to-day ?”

“The paper says that Master Brown
 Has gone and run away !”

“O ! O ! O ! O ! O ! O !

 You really *don't* say so !

He owes a penny unto me !

 That penny I shall no more see !

O ! O !”

“What other news have you ?

 I pray you tell me quick !”

“The paper says that Tommy True

 Is taken very sick !”

“O dear ! O dear ! O dear !

 That's really *very* queer !



If Tommy True should chance to die,
 I'm very sure that I should cry !
 O dear ! O dear !”

LAZY BONES.



LAZY BONES, lazy bones, lying asleep,
 Right in the beautiful day !
Unheeding the sunshine, the gladness, and all,
 Only snoring the hours away !

What do the busy bees think of you now ?
 Fie ! little laddie ! for shame !
Open your eyes, and be lively and bright,
 And—get rid of your terrible name.

A WINDY DAY.



Now kite, be careful how you go !
For Freddy isn't strong, you know,
And if you hasten to the sky,
 He might object to going so high.

Don't pull too hard, the wind may steal
His cap, then how would Freddy feel ?
Poor little chap ! the windy weather
Makes sport of him and you together.

BLOWN AWAY.



BLOWN away on a feather, oh dear !
 No wonder the poor little imp feels queer !
 His golden hair is flying, flying !
 With fright the poor little boy is crying.
 But high and higher the feather goes,
 And hard and harder the strong wind blows.
 And by and by they'll be lost in the sky,
 And that is as far as they both can fly.

THE MOONLIGHT SAIL THROUGH
THE AIR.

OVER the meadows by the light
 Of the pretty lady-moon so bright,
 Quietly sails a fairy—oh,
 To see that children asleep do go.

WHAT WAS IN THE MUG.

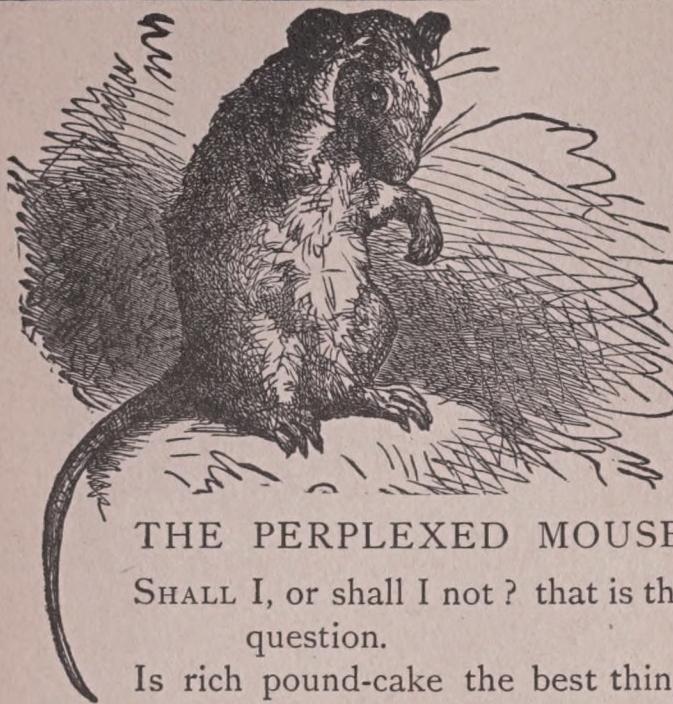


THEY thought he was a fly,
 And they took him out to dry.

But he proved a little man,
 When once outside the can.

Ah, mugs are sometimes dangerous things,
 For people's limbs as insects' wings ;

And men are often lost, my dear,
 In a can, a mug, or a jug, I hear.



THE PERPLEXED MOUSE.

SHALL I, or shall I not? that is the question.

Is rich pound-cake the best thing
for digestion,

And shall I venture through that small round
door

To reach the cake? I never saw before
So small a closet holding food so nice.
I'd better go consult the other mice,

O, ho!

But wait! it seems to me food so delicious
Must really for one's health prove quite nu-
tritious.

So no advice I'll ask, but go and see
How that especial cake agrees with me.

Ah woe!

"MY BEAUTIFUL DOLLY FROM FRANCE!"

I WONDER if any one ever did have so lovely a dolly as mine!
She came from Paris all "dressed to kill," in dresses so new
and fine;

She has the bluest of heavenly eyes, and O! you should see
her hair!

It hangs all over her shoulders, as gold as the sun, I declare!
She opens her mouth and says "mamma," whenever I give
her a squeeze;

And when company comes she lifts her head with as grand an
air as you please.

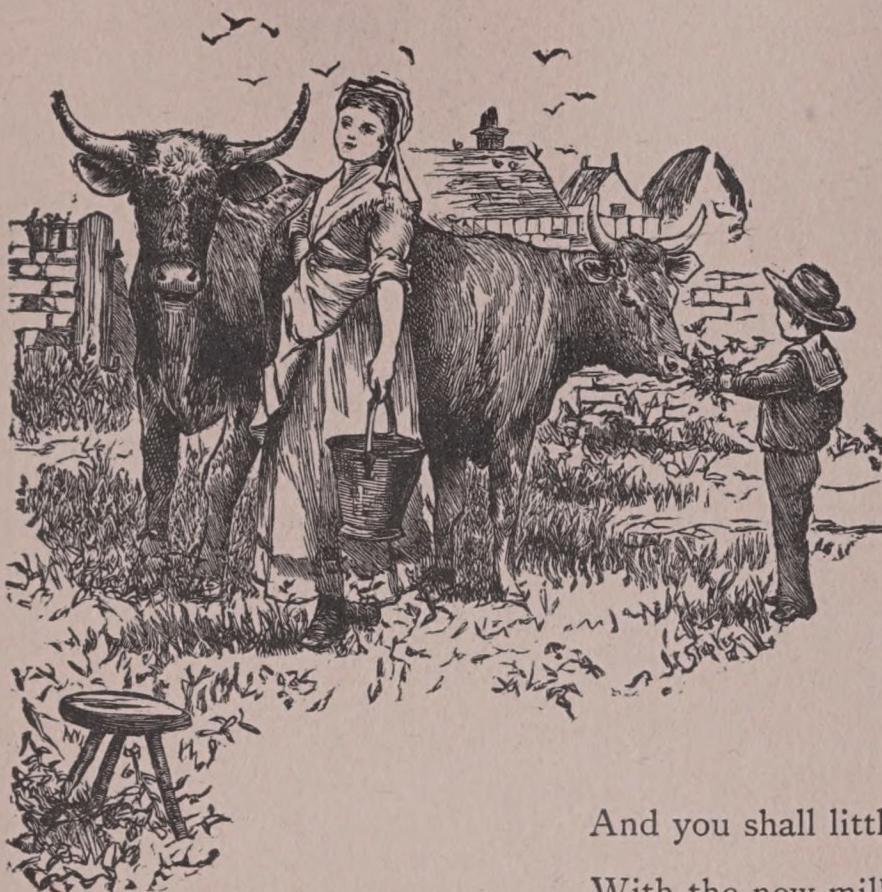
I tell you what, I was glad enough, and happy enough to dance,
When papa brought me my present, this beautiful dolly from
France.



MORNING.

DEAR little Polly gets up to see
What kind of a day it is going to be;
She sees the beautiful sky alight
With the rising sun so clear and bright.
Dear little Polly thinks, "Ah, me!
What a glad little girl I ought to be;
For my happy home, and my dear mamma!
And for my darling, loving papa!
And for the beautiful earth I love,
And the happy, happy sky above."





BABY'S MILK.

THIS is the cow that gives the milk
For baby every day :—

Nice mooly cow, who only eats
The sweetest, best of hay.

Come, Teddy boy, and see me milk
Our Daisy-cow to-night,

And you shall little sister feed
With the new milk so white.

THE REVERIE.

WHAT can Dolly be thinking about !

Tell us, Dolly, do.

“ I’m trying to think as fast as I can
Where I have lost my shoe.

I’ve sat right here on this stone all day,
And haven’t taken a minute for play.

But, O dear me ! what *shall* I do !

I cannot think where I lost my shoe ? ”





OVER THE BRIDGE.

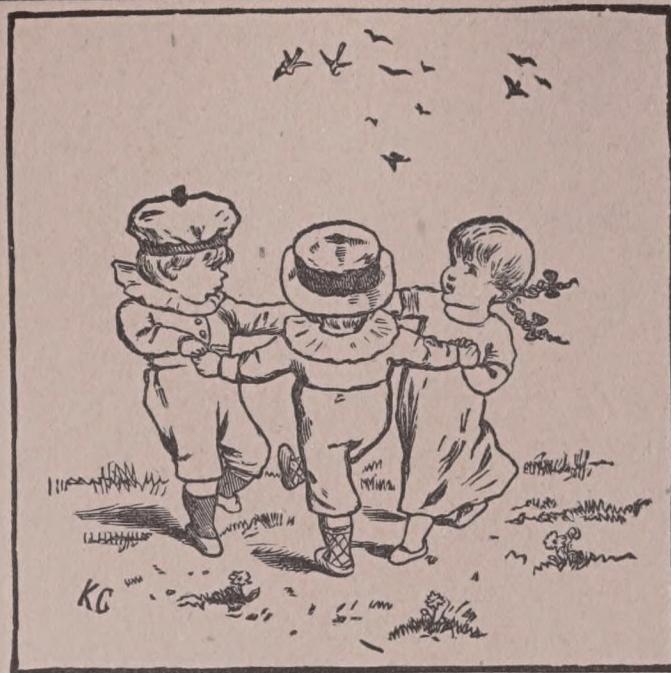
WHERE are you going, little miss ?
 “To meet my papa, and give him a kiss.”
 What 'll you do if the bridge should fall ?
 “Oh, dear ! for papa I'd loudly call.”

Would papa pull you out, do you think ?
 “I guess he *would*, as quick as a wink !”
 Then what would you do, my little miss ?
 “I'd hug my papa, and give him a kiss.”

MEW-SICK.

“I'D like to know, I must confess,
 Which is more likely to possess
 The finest voice,” said pussy cat.
 She raised her paw, and gave a pat
 Upon the viol strings. “Oh, my !
 It does not mew as well as *I* !”





"RING-AROUND-A-ROSY."

RING-around-a rosie,
Hand in hand they go,
Little mistress Mary,
Masters Dick and Joe ;
While the birds and butterflies
Flee in terror to the skies.



SB

"CAKES FOR YOU, MY DEARS."

CAKES for you, and you, my dear,
Help yourselves and do not fear.
Cakes are very nice to eat,
Especially when they are sweet.

Eat away, and eat them all,
They are good, though they are small,
But I'll tell you what is true,
They ne'er can be as sweet as you.



WASHING DAY.

WASHING clothes for dolly,
For it is washing day;
And dolly's mamma has work to do,
Ere she can go out to play;
So "Susie take care of the baby,
And tend her carefully,
And when her dresses are washed, O dear!
What a wonderful child she'll be—
For dolly's the *only* baby ever given to me!"

"DO GO TO SLEEP!"

"Now she's dressed so nice and clean,
She must sleep a little while.
Dolly, *do* please go to sleep,
Don't lie there and stare and smile!
Never dolly had before
Such a dainty little bed,
Nor so white a pillow, dear,
For a dolly's curly head.
Go to sleep, *do* go to sleep!
And o'er you I a watch will keep.



MAKING CANDY.

MAKING candy is such fun !
I'll tell you how we do it :
We boil and boil it till it's done
And then—we *pitch into it.*



Mamma says I'm mistaken there.
We—*pitch it into us.*
But never mind, so long as she
Won't scold about the muss.
I hope that now I've told you all
Just how *we* make our candy,
Some day in that fine art, you will
Yourselves become quite handy.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

Out in the rain! poor little girl!
And the wind a-blowing, too!
You'll wet your feet, and spoil your dress,
And then what will you do?
And where have you been, my little girl?
"On errands for mamma;
And I didn't think 'twas going to rain,
Or I wouldn't have gone so far."

Well, never mind, my little lass,
When the storm has all passed by,
You'll be more glad than ever before
For the sunshine in the sky.
We never know how good it is—
The sunshine, every day—
Till just for awhile the angry clouds
Have stolen its light away.





PUSSY'S LITTLE GAME.

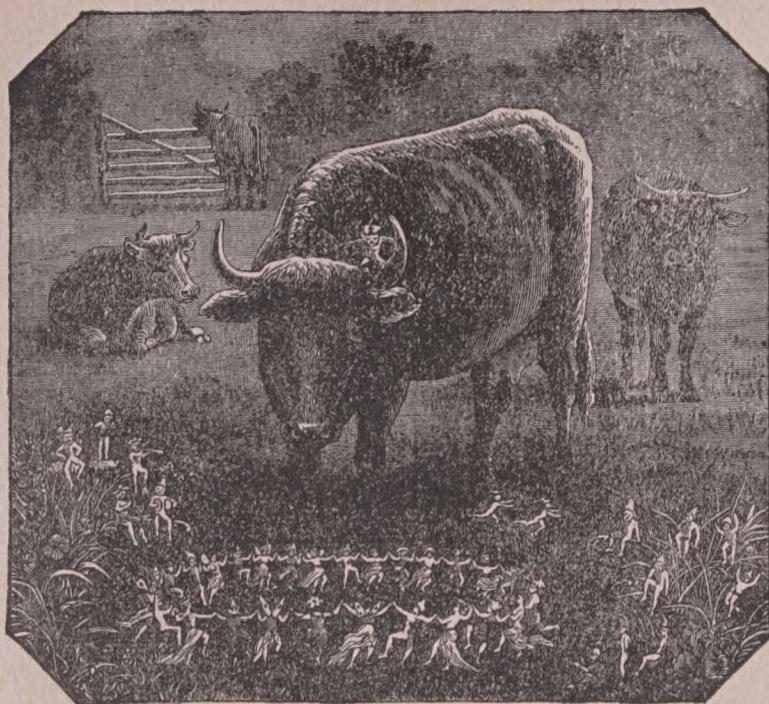
DID you ever hear of the little game
 That pussy played one day,
 When two young mice, who felt so wise,
 Came strolling by that way?
 She poked her head through a hole, you see,
 And a *painted* cat pretended to be,
 And the mice they looked with "a critic's eye"
 At the wonderful head of the cat so sly ;
 But while they criticised,—silly mice !
 She sprang and gobbled them in a trice.

READING TO GRANDMA.

READING a story to Grandma ? Oh, yes !
 I'm sure, little people, you never could guess
 What pleasure it gives little Jessie, each day,
 When she leaves her companions, and leaves her glad play,

 And going to Grandma with many a smile,
 Sits down to amuse the old lady awhile ;
 And when she goes back, she has all the more fun,
 For the sweet " Thank you, darling !" from Grandmamma won.





BOSSY'S SURPRISE PARTY.

THE soft sweet clover in the night,
Turned into fairies small and white ;
And 'neath the shadowy starlight skies
They gave old Bossy a grand surprise.
But she wasn't the least bit scared, you see,
For "I like you best as clover," said she.

THE RACE.



RACE away with
Might and main,
Then turn about and
Race again.

Bonny boys, and speeding hares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares
Who the race may win at last,
Tho' your race be e'er so fast.

HELPFUL LITTLE DAUGHTER.

SHE's a helpful little daughter,
For her mother told me so.
Work for her is only pleasure,
When she helps mamma, you know.



Helpful little daughter Jennie !
Heart and eyes as bright as day !
All the house is dark and lonely
When its "sunbeam" is away.
Don't you like this little Jennie ?
Tell me, my dear children, pray.

"MY LITTLE PET."

My little pet, my kitty cat ;
 So sleek and smooth, and
 soft and fat ;
 Tell me, do you love me
 true,
 As dearly, puss, as I love
 you ?
 They say you love to bite
 and scratch,
 And all the pretty birdies
 catch ;



I can't believe my little pet
 Can her good manners so
 forget.
 But if you chance to catch a
 mouse,
 Why, kitty, you must bend
 your knees
 And 'ere you eat, politely
 say—
 "Excuse me, mousie, if you
 please."

"WHAT'S THAT?"

O H, what is that ? I wish I need not go
 And take my walk alone ! things scare me so !
 Ned says I am a coward ! guess *he'd* scare,
 If *he* kept seeing queer things everywhere !
 Oh, pooh ! I ain't afraid ! 'cause now I see
 'Twas only Ned himself that frightened me.



UP HILL AND DOWN.

Up the hill
 Went little Bill
 Leading little sister.
 When she fell down
 And bumped her crown
 He helped her up and
 kissed her.
 Then down the hill
 Came little Bill,
 Leading little sister.
 I'm glad to tell
 The bruise was well
 Just where his lips had
 kissed her.





THE BROOK.

BABBLE, babble, noisy brook !
I love to stand awhile and look
At the wee fishes as they hide
And 'neath the ripples swiftly glide !
Over the mossy stones you go,
And merrily your ripples flow,
Singing songs so soft and low.



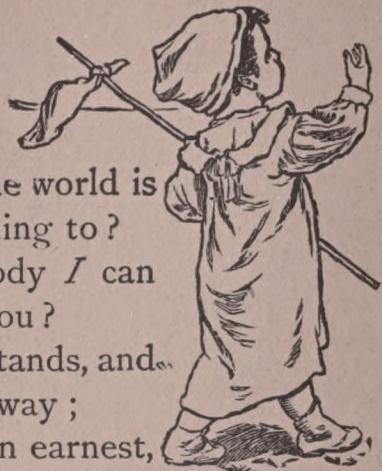
“ONLY JOCKO !”

Poor old Jocko ! see him kneel on his little table,
Playing soldier for the crowd as well as he is able ;
In his funny soldier rig,
Sometimes he will dance a jig,
Then, of course, he does expect
Many pennies to collect.

How the children like to see Jocko on his table,
Entertaining girls and boys as well as he is able !

TOMMY.

Now who in the world is he beckoning to ?
There is nobody I can see, can you ?
Yet there he stands, and beckons away ;
And whether in earnest, or whether for play,
Not one of us all can tell !
Ah, well !



LAZY BOY.

HE is almost too lazy to stand alone,
And it's something to be much ashamed of, I own,
That a fellow like Jack
Should be weak in his back,
Because he's too lazy, too heedless, and slack,
To care for aught else but his ease ! lazy Jack !



“PLAYING TAG.”

HURRY, Archie, faster run !
 Ned will catch you ; he is near !
 Ere you reach the goal, his hand
 Will have “tagged” you, much I fear.
 Up the street, and down the street,
 Flying boys, and flying feet !
 Playing tag is fun, I know,
 Or else *you* wouldn’t like it so.



SEE-SAW.

SEE-SAW, up and down,
 See the pussies play,
 Mistress Tabby cat has given
 Such a holiday.



Little pussies, white and brown,
 Go see-sawing up and down ;
 Some fall off, and some hold on,
 Full of fun are they.

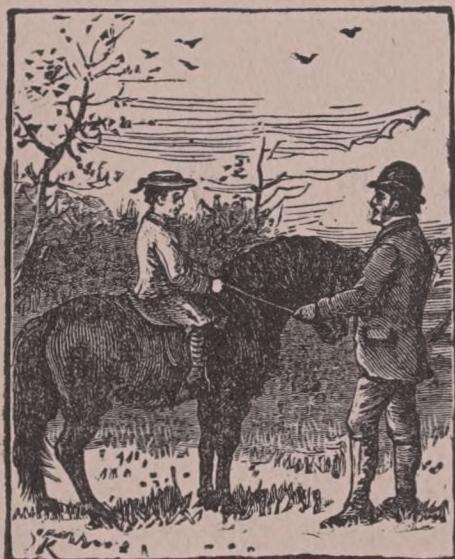
By and by when play is o’er
 They’ll begin their tasks once more.
 What do you think they’re studying ?
 Just this—they’re *learning how to sing*.

"I'M KEPT IN."

I'm kept in, I'll tell you why,
 'Twas just because I did not try
 To learn my lessons yesterday
 Instead of going off to play.

It is no fun to sit just here,
 With not another fellow near.
 The skies are extra bright to-day,
 Just when *I* can't go out to play.

The other boys are all gone out—
 I hear them laugh, and call, and shout.
 I'll bet a sixpence, after this,
 My lessons I'll be sure not miss.

**THE NEW PONY.**

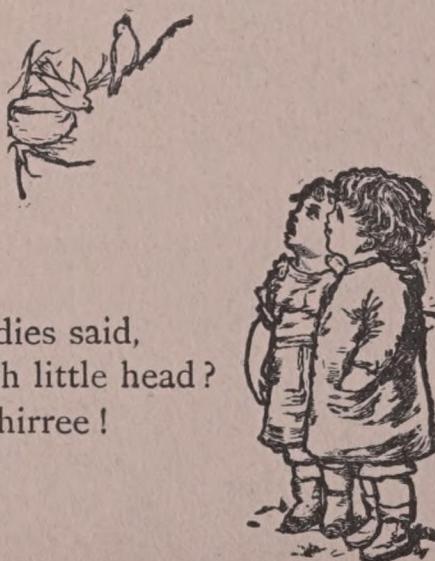
THIS little new pony ! he's all my own,
 Some day I am going to ride him alone.
 Some day he will canter over the road,
 And he won't find his master a very big load.
 My pretty black pony ! I love him so !
 He stops in a minute when I cry "whoa!"
 I never will whip him or hurt him, for I
 To be kind to all animals always shall try.

TWO PAIRS.

"OH, Claire,
 See there !
 Ain't they
 A cunning pair ?
 Two birdies,
 I declare ! "

Then what do you think the birdies said,
 As they chirped and nodded each little head ?
 "Chip chip, chirree, chip chip, chirree !
 Two little girlies there we see !

*They make a pair,
 And so do we."*



FISHING.

FISHING for trout in the big round tub,
 I hope he will catch a pound ;
 He feels very grand, and will try to show off,
 To the watchers gathered around.
 The trout is only a piece of tin,
 The fish hook only a large bent pin.
 What fun it would be if the fisher fell in,
 And—after all, wasn't drowned !



POOR FIDO !

THEY wanted to play he was dead,
 And, from his wee tail to his head,
 They covered him over with leaves so thick,
 They nearly made poor healthy Fido sick ;
 And so he wriggled about on the ground,
 With leaves and with daisies almost drowned,
 Till suddenly patience gave out at the last,
 And away scampered Fido, far and fast.

THE BIRDIES' PICNIC.

Two little birds on a picnic went,
And oh, what fun they had !
There were plenty of trees to hide them in,
And their hearts were gay and glad.
When a dinner they wanted
They hadn't to look
For matches and fuel
Their lunch to cook ;
But a nice fat worm,
Or a bumble-bee,
Made a plenteous repast
As you may see.
And they ate so much, I'm sorry to say,
They had much ado to go flying away,
When the picnic was over
And night was near—
And they went to rest
In their nest so dear.



THE SLIDE.

HE *would* go out to slide,
Though they said the ice was thin ;
And so nobody cried
When at last he tumbled in.



They said, "It served him right,
He started off so fine !
But now he is a fright,
And his airs no longer shine !"



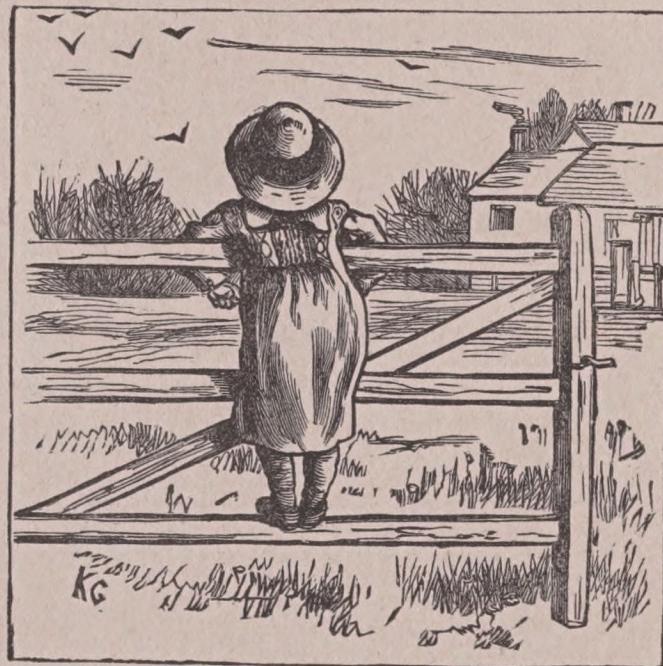
THE LITTLE SHIP.

Now, little ship, go out to sea,
And bring good fortune back to me ;
But don't, like *papa's* "ship," I pray,
Be gone forever and a day.

He's always saying what he'll do,
Where *his* ship comes to land ;
But somehow it has never come,
Why, I don't understand.

NOW BE A GOOD BOY.

Now don't forget, dear little brother, please,
 Be a good boy, and do not fret or tease ;
 I want the company that we're going to meet,
 To think my little brother always sweet
 And good, as little boys should try to be,
 And then grown people *love* them ; don't you
 see ?



ON THE GATE.

SWINGING on the gate is she,
 The merry little lass,
 Watching the cloud shadows chase
 Each other o'er the grass.
 Watching birdies fly so high,
 Upward, onward to the sky,

Watching how the breezes blow
 The buttercups and daisies, Oh !
 Swinging on the great, big gate,
 Swinging to and fro,
 There's something else she's watching for,
 And 'tis *papa*, I know.



THREE SINGERS.

ONE sang high, and one sang low, the other just between
 They were the daintiest damsels one had ever seen.
 But somehow, it was funny, they couldn't keep in tune,
 And so they all grew weary of singing very soon,
 And no one dared suggest that the maids should try again,
 Because, to tell the truth—their singing gave such pain.

NOT JACK AND JILL.

Not Jack and Jill of olden time,
 Whom Mother Goose put into rhyme,
 But simply Sam, and simply Polly,
 Two little cousins, sweet and jolly,
 Who went for water one fine day,
 And tripping o'er their homeward way
 Full merrily, without a care,
 Fell suddenly into a snare



That master Tommy set, and so
Like Jack and Jill, fell down, you know.



A COUNTRY RIDE.

A BEAUTIFUL ride in the country—

O,

To see the ferns and wild-flowers
grow;

Thro' the woods where the shadows
lie,

Out again 'neath the sunny sky;
Past the brook where the fishes hide,
Past the pond so open and wide,

Past the bank where cling and climb,

Bright with beauty from time to time,

The tall, and full sweet-brier vines,

Where also sweet clematis twines;

Out of shadow and into light,

The roadside glowing with beauty bright.

First up hill, then down again,

Trot the horses with easy rein,

Until the beautiful ride is done,

And we must try a new kind of fun.

O where is the child who likes to go,

For a jolly ride in the country—O?

Just bring her along and bring her this way,

And we'll take a ride on the first fair day.

IN DISGRACE.

O, SALLIE! *fie*, Sallie!

What a girl are you!

No wonder your kind teacher

Is puzzled what to do.

Pick up your book

From off the floor,

And try your lesson, dear,

Once more.



IN FANCY DRESS.

ANCIENT people, very fine,

Don't they cut a pretty shine?

Mischief fills their roguish eyes,

Giving papa a surprise.

Fine as ancient lords and dame,

Papa 'll never guess each name;



Or, in case he *should*, you know,

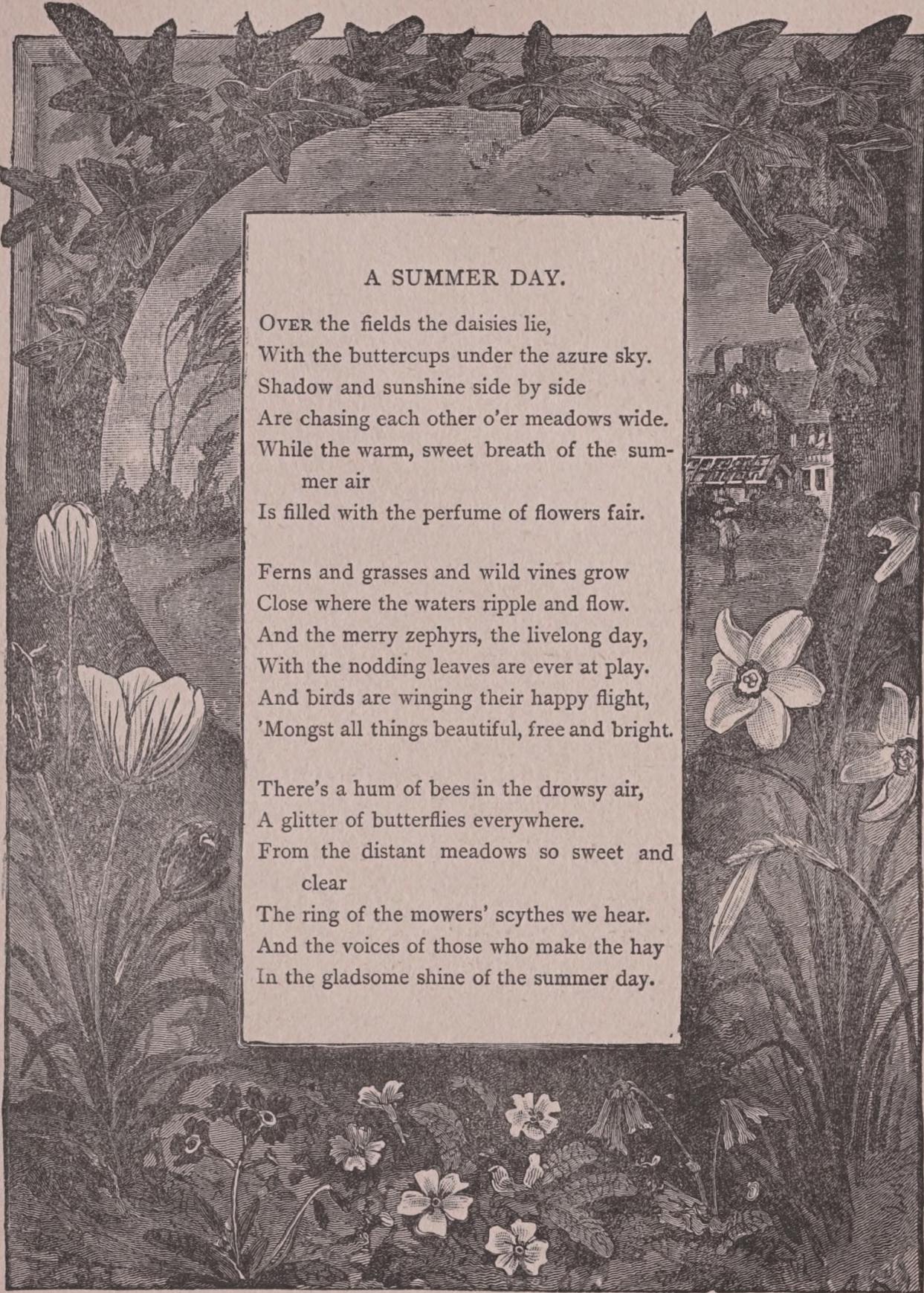
I don't believe he 'll tell them so.

A SUMMER DAY.

OVER the fields the daisies lie,
With the buttercups under the azure sky.
Shadow and sunshine side by side
Are chasing each other o'er meadows wide.
While the warm, sweet breath of the summer air
Is filled with the perfume of flowers fair.

Ferns and grasses and wild vines grow
Close where the waters ripple and flow.
And the merry zephyrs, the livelong day,
With the nodding leaves are ever at play.
And birds are winging their happy flight,
'Mongst all things beautiful, free and bright.

There's a hum of bees in the drowsy air,
A glitter of butterflies everywhere.
From the distant meadows so sweet and clear
The ring of the mowers' scythes we hear.
And the voices of those who make the hay
In the gladsome shine of the summer day.





“SCRUBBING THE BABY.”

SCRUB him, rub him—wash him sweet—
Until he’s clean enough to eat.
Hear him laugh—he thinks it’s fun,
And only cries when it is done !
Darling baby ! well he knows
He’s *always* sweeter than a rose.

UNDER THE TREES.



O ISN’T it jolly here under the trees !—
A regular picnic with sunshine and breeze !
Mamma and papa are gone off for a walk,
And all we need do is to eat and to talk.
It’s fun to be *children* with nothing to do
But be happy and merry the whole glad day through.

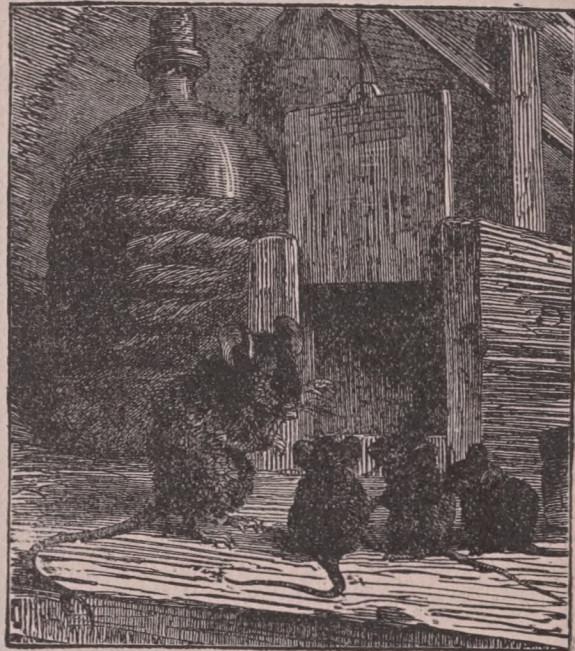


TWO LITTLE PETS.

ONLY a baby and only a dove—
 Two little darlings for people to love,
 Baby is fair as a baby can be,
 And Dove, little Dove—like a snowdrift is she.
 Baby lives only in Mamma's dear heart,
 Dove from her cage is ne'er ready to part ;
 Baby goes often on *his* pet to call,
 While Mamma holds *her* pet lest baby should fall.
 They are only a baby and only a dove,
 But they're two little darlings for people to love.

MRS. MOUSE AND HER FAMILY.

Now hark you ! my children,
 Remember you're mice,
 And the house cat may eat you
 All three in a trice
 If you are not as careful
 As *wise* mice should be,
 And keep your ears open
 From danger to flee.
 Go roam the barn over
 From haymow to floor,
 And eat grain and meal
 Till you hunger no more,
 But keep your ears cocked,
 And your eyes ever bright
 Lest some accident bear you
 Away from my sight,
 Forever and ever ! My children, take care !
 Take your Mother's advice, and of danger beware.



THE SELFISH BOY.



“GIVE us a little, stingy boy,
Give us a bite, pray do !”
“No, I am hungry, and cannot spare
A bit of my bread for you !”
Who’ll guess why the bread didn’t taste as good
After that, as the boy had thought it would ?



CHRISTMAS.

MERRY Christmas come again

With its many joys.

Merry Christmas, blithe and gay

For the girls and boys.

Oh, the jolly Christmas tree—

Such a splendid sight to see !

Children, shout for very glee,

And never mind the noise.

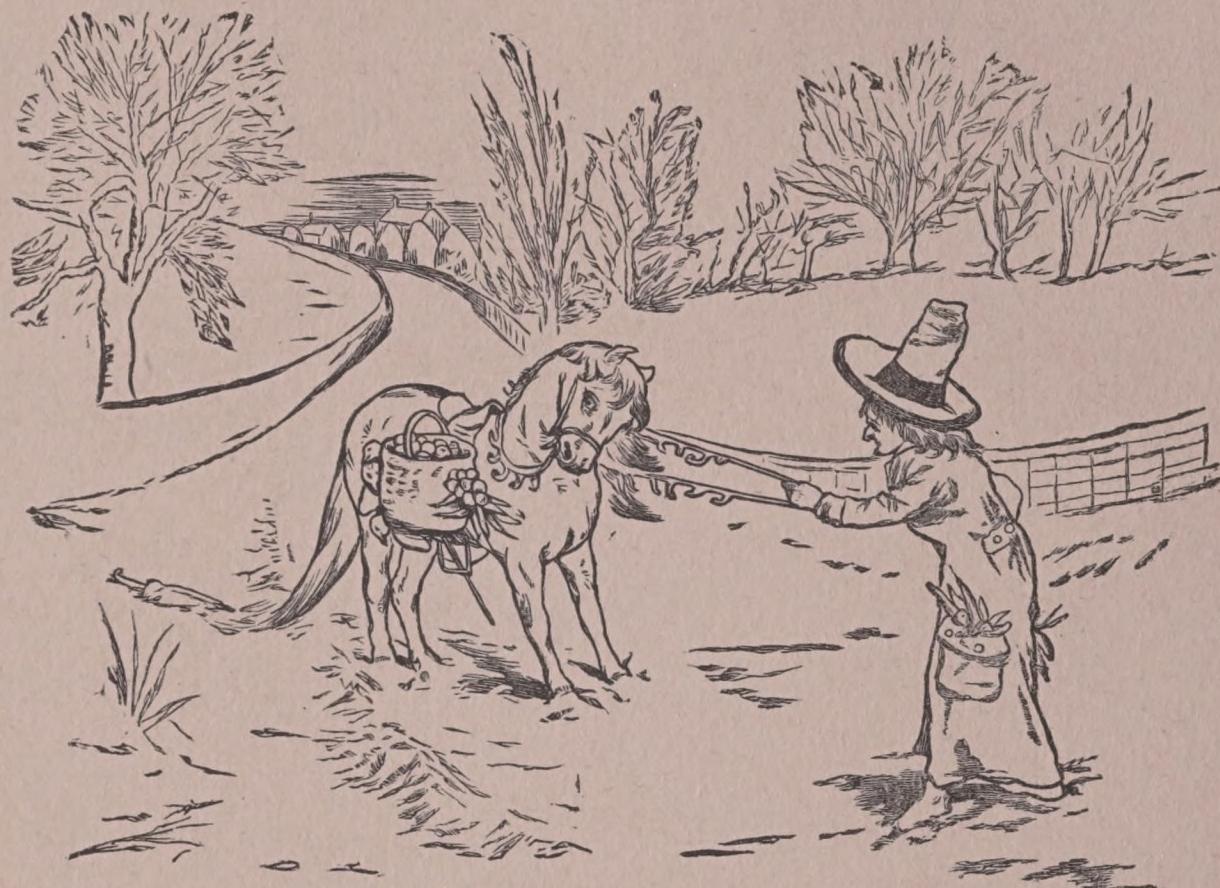
Christmas comes but once a year,

And we are glad to see it here.

And Santa has remembered all

With gifts for young folks, large and small.

"No Go!"



"No, no, good sir, you can't pull me,
But try a *gentle* word, then see !

For kind persuasion every one knows,
With obstinacy very far goes.

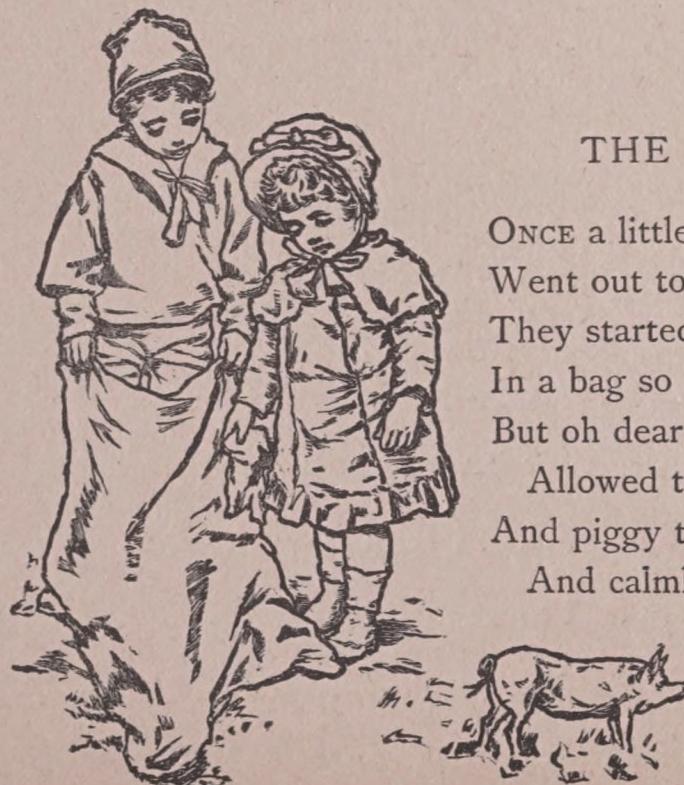
And a pat on my back, I think, my friend,
May possibly lead to some good end.

But your cross old face and your threats, I'm sure,
With me will never effect a cure."



DON'T BE IN A HURRY!

WHAT is your hurry, little folks pray ?
 What in the world is your hurry to-day ?
 Your wagon is broken, your apples are out
 Enjoying their freedom, and rolling about.
 If you don't stop a minute to mend up your wheel,
 And pick up your apples, how foolish you'll feel !



THE HOLE IN THE BAG.

ONCE a little girl and boy
 Went out to buy a pig, sir !
 They started home with piggy
 In a bag so fine and big, sir,
 But oh dear me ! a little hole
 Allowed their prize to roam,
 And piggy turned his back to them,
 And calmly trotted home.

But all the grunting heard that
 day
 Was done by Ned and little May.

“ONCE ON A TIME.”

ONCE on a time a dear little girl
 Lived in a country town.
 Her eyes were blue, and her hair
 was gold
 And her face was merry and
 brown.
 She loved the birds, and flowers
 too,
 The glad green earth and the sky
 so blue,
 She loved the dear little friends
 she had
 Each little lassie and little lad.



And so it happened that every day
 Her heart kept happy and light and gay.
 But by and by this dear little girl
 Into a “Grandma” grew.
 And now, like the good old dame in the
 shoe,
 She has *so much to love* she don’t know
 what to do.

And then with everything else to love,
 She loved a *grandbaby* too.



DARNING MAMMA'S STOCKING.

DEAR little Katie! see her there
With such a thoughtful, serious air!
Darning a stocking for dear mamma,
For which she is sure of a kiss from papa.

O, the sun, it is shining outside,
Flooding the meadows so green and wide;
And the bees and the butterflies seem to say,
“Come out, little lady, with us to play.”

But Katie is busy, too busy to see
The sunshine which dances so merrily.
So backward and forward her needle will go,
For she's darning a stocking for Mother, you know.



PAPA'S LITTLE LAMB.

SHEEP in the meadows, come talk to me,
For I've nothing to do to-day ;
So I've come to the meadows to stay
awhile,
And with you I'd like to play.
We're out on a picnic, my sister and I,
And my big, big brothers, too ;
They like to stay by the mountain brook,
But *I'd* rather come to you.
I'd like to be a pretty, white sheep,
Instead of the girl I am ;
But I'm some relation to you, I guess
For I'm "Papa's dear little lamb."



BUYING A DOLLY.

GIVE me the nicest doll you have,
 I want it for my baby girl.
 Give me a blue-eyed dolly, please,
 With pretty yellow hair in curl.
 She must be dressed as prettily
 As ever any doll could be,
 And she will be as dear a pet
 As *my* dear baby is to me.
 O, how my little girl will play
 With her new dolly every day!



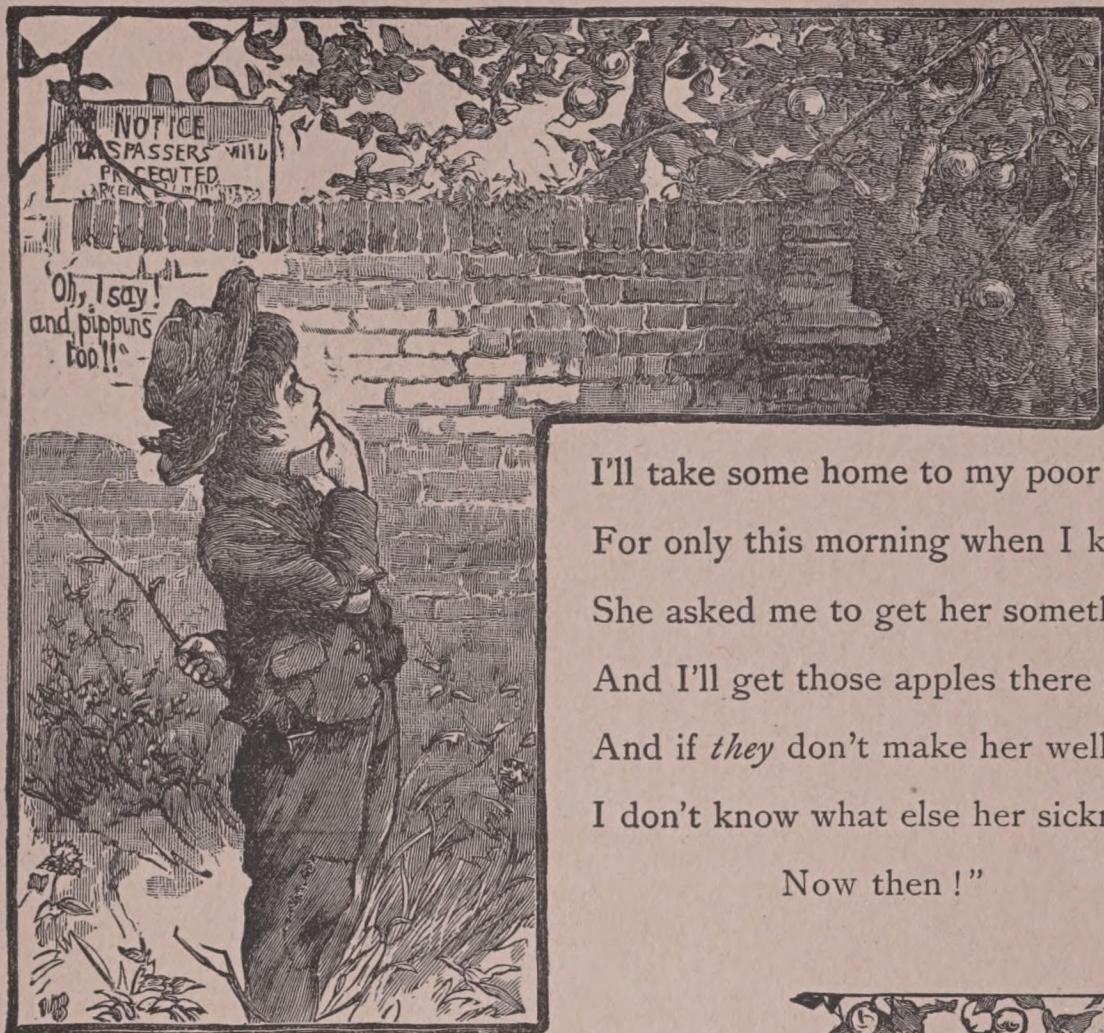
HOW THE NEW DOLLY LOOKED.



THIS is the way the dolly looked.
 All ready for her wee mamma.
 And baby's little brother Joe
 Said "*he'd* be dolly's young papa."

This is the way poor dolly looked
 When came the close of day,
 And "papa Joe" and my wee girl
 Were nearly tired of play.
 And all of this because, you see,
 "Papa and mamma" could not agree.





"O GOODY!"

"O Goody! see
there,
Nice fruit, I de-
clare!"

I'll take some home to my poor sick sister,
For only this morning when I kissed her,
She asked me to get her something nice,
And I'll get those apples there in a trice.
And if *they* don't make her well, I'm sure
I don't know what else her sickness *can* cure

Now then!"

So up the fence went Johnny boy,
Intent on giving his sister joy;
"Oh, Sissy 'll be so glad," he said,
Nor cared when his cap fell off his head.
He filled his pockets as quick as a wink,
And never once did he stop to think
That nobody 'd given him leave, you see,
To pluck the apples from off that tree.
But when to the owner he did confess
And said he was sorry, why then
The farmer forgave him, and gave him leave
To come and pluck apples again.



“WHAT FUN !”



U P de diddle de, diddle de dee!
O, what a merry trio are we !
Dance away, my dolly, my dear,
While Tommy is piping a jig so clear.
Up de diddle, away we go,
Round and round together, you know.

Pipe up, Tommy, and puff out *big*,
While dolly and I am dancing a *jig*.
This is the way we all have fun,
Dancing a *jig* till the music is done.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR baby went one pleasant day
To have her picture taken. See ?
And O, the cunning little tot
Was just so good as she could be.

She didn't cry nor wriggle round,
Nor pout the least, least little bit.
But smiled as sweet as babies can,
Here is the picture : look at it.

Little by little every day
Our baby will grow large, and so
We'll have to keep the photograph
To tell how she looked *once*, you know.





HALLO-O-O !

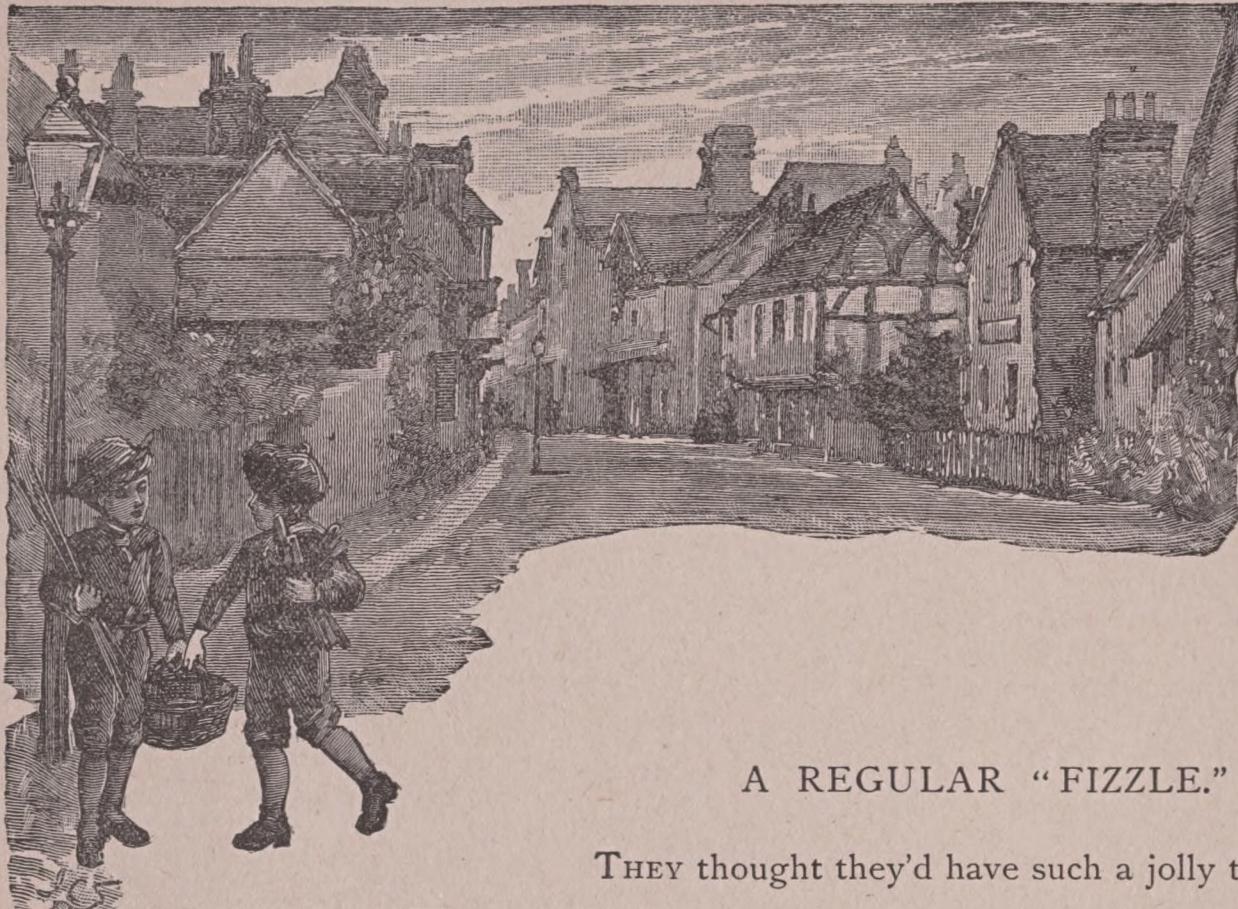
HALLO ! here I am, dressed so fine to-day,
 Hallo ! here I am ! turn your head this way ;
 Brand new suit, and *pocket* too.
 Papa says, " he thinks I'll do."
 Don't know what he means, do you ?
 Good bye ! I'm off for play.

WAITING.

WAITING for mamma to come.
 She has been so long away.
 Waiting for their dear mamma,
 Tired of their merry play.
 Standing by the garden fence,
 Little boy and sisters two,
 Watching for mamma to come,
 For—they've nothing else to do.



Shadows come and shadows go,
 Sunset now is near, you know,
 Time mamma should cease to roam,
 And to her babies hurry home.



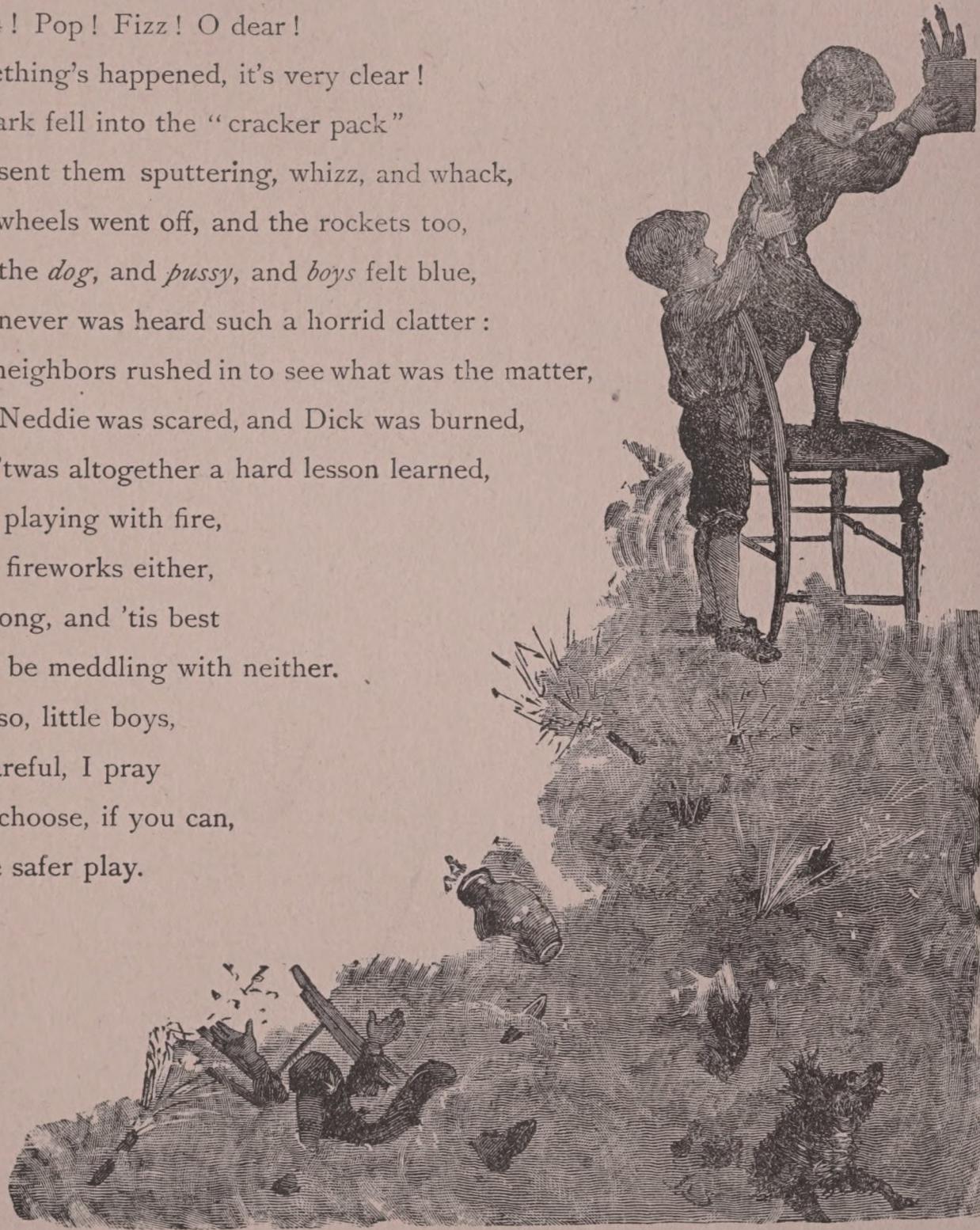
A REGULAR "FIZZLE."

THEY thought they'd have such a jolly time,
With their fireworks so gay,
And they planned to get up for their own little
selves
A "*special firework day.*"
So they smuggled their treasures into the house,
Each little rogue as still as a mouse,
And plotted and planned
What each should do
To put their special
Holiday through.



BANG! POP! FIZZ!

BANG! Pop! Fizz! O dear!
 Something's happened, it's very clear!
 A spark fell into the "cracker pack"
 And sent them sputtering, whizz, and whack,
 The wheels went off, and the rockets too,
 And the *dog*, and *pussy*, and *boys* felt blue,
 And never was heard such a horrid clatter:
 The neighbors rushed in to see what was the matter,
 And Neddie was scared, and Dick was burned,
 And 'twas altogether a hard lesson learned,
 That playing with fire,
 Or fireworks either,
 Is wrong, and 'tis best
 To be meddling with neither.
 And so, little boys,
 Be careful, I pray
 And choose, if you can,
 Some safer play.



SING, BIRDIE !



SING, little birdie, sing to me !
Your song is sweet and full of glee.
O, you don't have to go to school,
And bother yourself with books and rule :
Sing, little birdie, sing away,
In the sunshine glad of the summer's day.

Dear little songster, tell me why
You carry your dainty head so high ?
What would you do if you had to go
And sit with other birds all in a row ?
And learn to read, and spell, and write,
When the fields were green, and the skies were bright ?

You've nothing to do but build your nest,
And dress the feathers upon your breast,
And you ought to sing with an extra joy
Because you were not—born a boy !
O, sing, little birdie, sing to me,
And give me part of your careless glee.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

SEE little patient Bessie,
 As through the street
 she goes
 What is she doing,
 think you, dear?
 She's showing us a
 rose.
 Poor patient little
 Bessie!
 Her face is pale and
 sad.



If she could sell her flowers now,
 I know 'twould make her glad.

One little rose to please her heart ;
 Hark ! hear the sweet voice cry :

“ Who'll buy my sweet, fresh flowers ?

I gathered them to-day !

Kind ladies, and kind gentlemen,

For just a moment stay,

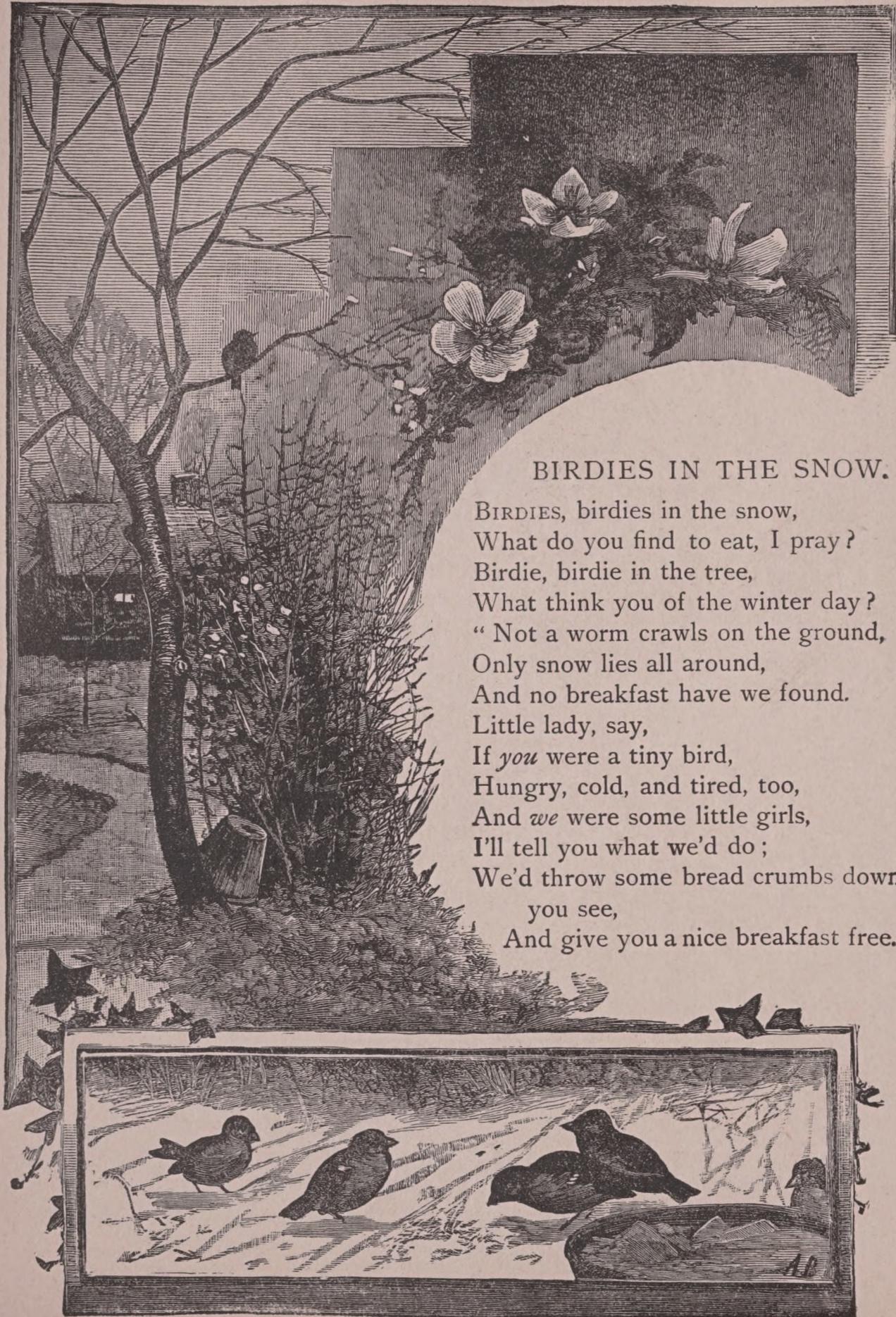
And see my lovely flowers,

My roses sweet and fair !

I'll give them each to any one

Who has five cents to spare.”

When on the street we
 meet her,
 We'll speak a kindly
 word.
 It may be gentle words
 are not
 By Bessie often heard.
 If we can make her
 happy,
 Then let us freely
 buy



BIRDIES IN THE SNOW.

BIRDIES, birdies in the snow,
What do you find to eat, I pray?
Birdie, birdie in the tree,
What think you of the winter day?
“ Not a worm crawls on the ground,
Only snow lies all around,
And no breakfast have we found.
Little lady, say,
If *you* were a tiny bird,
Hungry, cold, and tired, too,
And *we* were some little girls,
I'll tell you what *we'd* do;
We'd throw some bread crumbs down,
 you see,
And give you a nice breakfast free.”



“MY FLOWERS.”

MAMMA, here are flowers,
For you, for you !
Because I love you,
I do ! I do !
I gathered 'em fresh,
And they're wet with dew,
And they smell so sweetly,
All the way through.
Kiss me, Mamma,
And I'll kiss
You, too !

“HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.”



ROLLY, polly, dumpling, oh,
What can you be watching so ?
You are a funny little lass !
Pray tell us how it came to pass
That you are grown so very fat,
And wear a hood instead of a hat ?
And wear your dress so very long,
And wear a boy's boots, broad and strong,
And look so queer, and altogether
Like a little round dumpling in winter weather.

Well, never mind, my dear, if you
Have a young heart that's kind and true,
And if you love and mind your mother,
I'm very sure, indeed, no other,
Tho' she be better dressed, can gain
One whit more love than you, that's plain.
Fine feathers, as you may have heard,
Don't always grow on the best bird.



"GOOD-BYE, MAMMA!"

“GOOD-BYE, MAMMA!”

“Good-bye, mamma, I’m off to school,
I’ll study hard, and mind each rule;
And so when I am grown a man,
I’ll help you daily all I can.

Now give me just another kiss,

To start me for the day,
And Rover ’ll help you not to miss
Me, while I am away.”

So off he goes, the little boy,
Who is his mother’s pride and joy;
And O, how patiently he tries
To learn the things that make men wise.

But though he often tired grows,

His little heart is strong,

For mother *kissed* her boy, you know,

To help the day along.

And when the boy has grown a man,

To help his mother all he can,

How he will sometimes long to be

Once more her little boy, that he

Might climb upon her lap again

Before he goes to school,

And coax for kisses ere he starts

To help him mind each rule!



DOLLY'S MAMMA AND THE DOCTOR.

WADING.



LITTLE SUSAN—Susie-Sue—went out one summer day
 With little Thomas—Tommy-Tom—in the green fields to play.
 They waded in the pretty brook, and oh, what fun they had!
 That little happy Susie-Sue, and Tommy-Tom so glad.
 But, sad to say, Sue lost her shoe, which she had called a boat,
 Because with many a stone had Tom for fun set it afloat,
 And so it chanced that home they went, Sue on one foot a-skipping,
 And mamma scolded at them both, and gave poor Tom a whipping.

CLIMBING THE FENCE.



"LET'S climb the fence," said Bessie;
 "I dare not," Mamie said;
 And timid little Sallie
 Cried, "I'll fall and bump my head!"
 So Bessie climbed the fence, but

Wee Mamie staid below,
 But timid little Sallie
 Crawled under, you must know.
 And crawling under, what do you think,
 She beat Miss Bessie quick as a wink.

"SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND!"



" SEE what *I've* found ! daisies white,
Growing in the midst of clover ;
Just the prettiest bunch you'll see,
Tho' you search the whole field over."

Buttercups and daisies, too,
Clover blossoms white and red ;
Green, green grasses growing high,
'Way above each little head.

In the meadows far and near,
See the haymows, fragrant, sweet ;
Soon the flowers the children love
Will be scattered at their feet.

For the mowers with their scythes
Only care for making hay,
And the grasses low will lie,
When shall come the close of day.



MAMMA loves butter, don't you see?
And—on good biscuit—so do we!
Mamma loves something better than that—
She loves her children plump and fat.

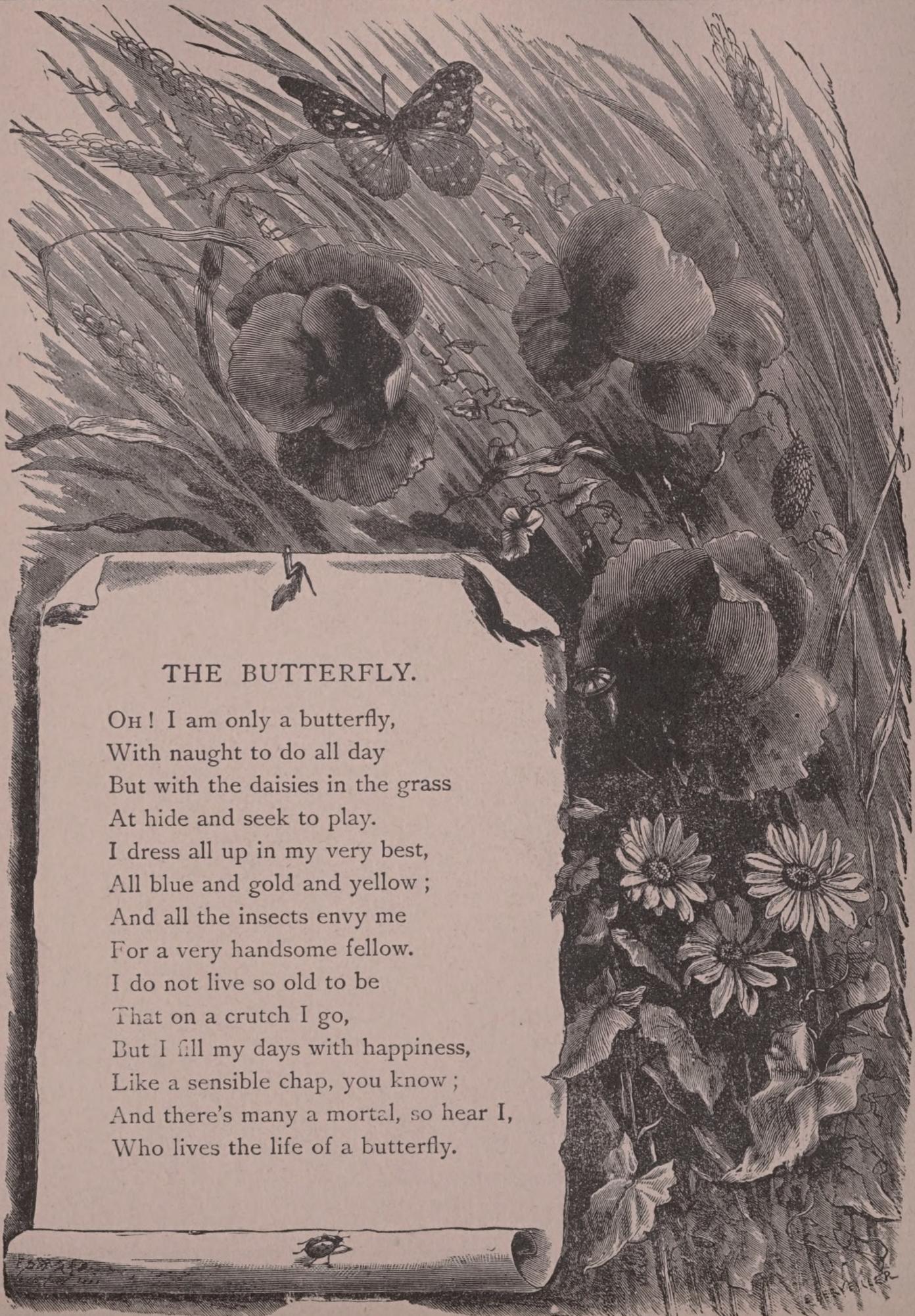


SORROWFUL LITTLE BESSIE.

O, THE sorrowful little girl !
Whither is she going ?
And why so sad when earth is glad,
And every breeze a-blowing,
Tells happy secrets full of glee
To every leaf on every tree ?
And daisies white,
'Mongst the grasses light,
Hide with buttercups all the day
Or with the golden butterflies play.

O, the beautiful sky above !
Where soft, white clouds go sailing ;
And sunbeams grow, and glisten and glow,
With a glory never failing.
Ah yes, the sky is soft and blue,
And so the little maid's eyes, too,
Are soft and blue as the sunny skies !
But, oh dear me ! there are tears in her eyes,
And the little heart is so troubled and sad
That never a sunbeam can make it glad !

O, Bessie and I a secret know :
She was naughty a little while ago ;
And she cannot play
With the sunbeams gay
Till mamma has kissed all the tears away ;
And then the sun in the skies so blue
Will dance and shine in the blue eyes too.



THE BUTTERFLY.

OH ! I am only a butterfly,
With naught to do all day
But with the daisies in the grass
At hide and seek to play.
I dress all up in my very best,
All blue and gold and yellow ;
And all the insects envy me
For a very handsome fellow.
I do not live so old to be
That on a crutch I go,
But I fill my days with happiness,
Like a sensible chap, you know ;
And there's many a mortal, so hear I,
Who lives the life of a butterfly.

“THE LITTLE GRANDPA.”



HE looks like a little grandpa, and he gives a grunt or two,
When I squeeze him in the middle, which I dearly love to do. Hark!

HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL.

WE'VE been to the hospital, doggies and I,
 To take nice things to eat to the sick children
 there ;
 And oh, I'm so sorry to see them all lie
 So helpless in bed. It does hardly seem fair
 That some folks should suffer, and others should
 not ;
 But Mamma says, God knows the best for us
 all.
 And I love the dear children in each little cot,
 And I think I can comfort them tho' I'm so
 small.
 I carry them jellies, and nice books to read,
 And anything else the nurse thinks they may
 need ;
 And I try to be thankful, more than I can tell,
 That the Father in heaven keeps *me* strong and
 well.



MR. AND MRS. AND MISS PIGEON.

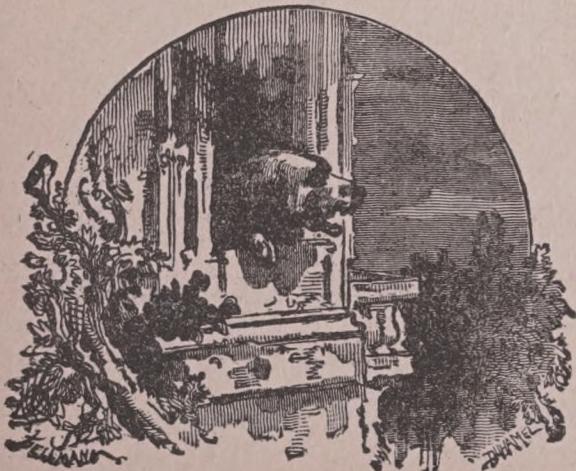


THEY thought they'd go to a watering-place,
 The happy family,
 And "We'll tone our daughter up a bit,"
 Said Mr. Pigeon, said he.
 So off they flew and travelled awhile,
 And found a beautiful spot
 Where they could quietly take their baths
 When the weather was dry and hot.
 Oh, such a beautiful watering-place
 For pigeons never was found :
 It was only a queer old fashioned tub,
 With sides all smooth and round.

POOR DOLLY!



Poor, poor dolly! isn't it a pity?
 She was the dearest dolly in all of New York City.
 But Brother Fred
 First cracked her head,
 Then broke her little arm?
 I never thought my doll would come
 To such a dreadful harm.
 Poor, poor dolly! now isn't it a pity?
 But there are plenty just as good in this big New York City.



WHAT LAZY FOLKS LOSE.

OUT of the window doggie looks,
 To see the rising sun.
 Full well he knows, now day has dawned,
 His play-time has begun.
 "Bow-wow," says he, "would all like me
 Could know what a glorious sight I see."

“COCK-A-DOODLE DOO !”



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !
 Whose little folks are you ?
 Pray have you come to rob the nest
 Of the good wife I love the best ?
 Hi ! cock-a-doodle-doo !
 Whose little thieves are you ?

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
 I'll tell you what to do :
 Go off to farmer Barton's farm,
 And all *his* gray old hens alarm.
 But—Cock-a-doodle-doo !
Here we want none of you.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
 I'll crow each morn for you,
 If you will let my eggs alone
 Till some wee babies I can own.
 Cock-a-doodle doo !
 I'm much obliged to you.

LITTLE BACHELOR.



I'M a merry little bachelor !
Can any little maid,
For the sake of gentle pity,
My forlorn condition aid ?
I have news that is quite shocking !
Here's a hole, Miss, in my stocking !
Who will darn it ? that's the question ;
I am open to suggestion.
And if any maid will do it, I'm sure she'll never rue it,
For I'm amiable and harmless, so people all have said.

THE HUNGRY BOY.

DOROTHY, Dorothy, give me a bite ?
“Wait, if you please, for your supper to-night.”
Dorothy, Dorothy, give me a slice ?
“I fear if I do, 'twill be gone in a trice.”
Dorothy, Dorothy,—give me a kiss ?
“I'm ashamed of you, sir ! If you're hungry, take this !”



MASTER BOOZABOO.

LITTLE Master Boozaboo,
When he went a-fishing,
To catch a trout that weighed a ton
Most ardently was wishing.
Little Master Boozaboo,
He waited all the day,
The fishes wagged their tails at him,
Then—swam the other way.

GOING TO SNOW.

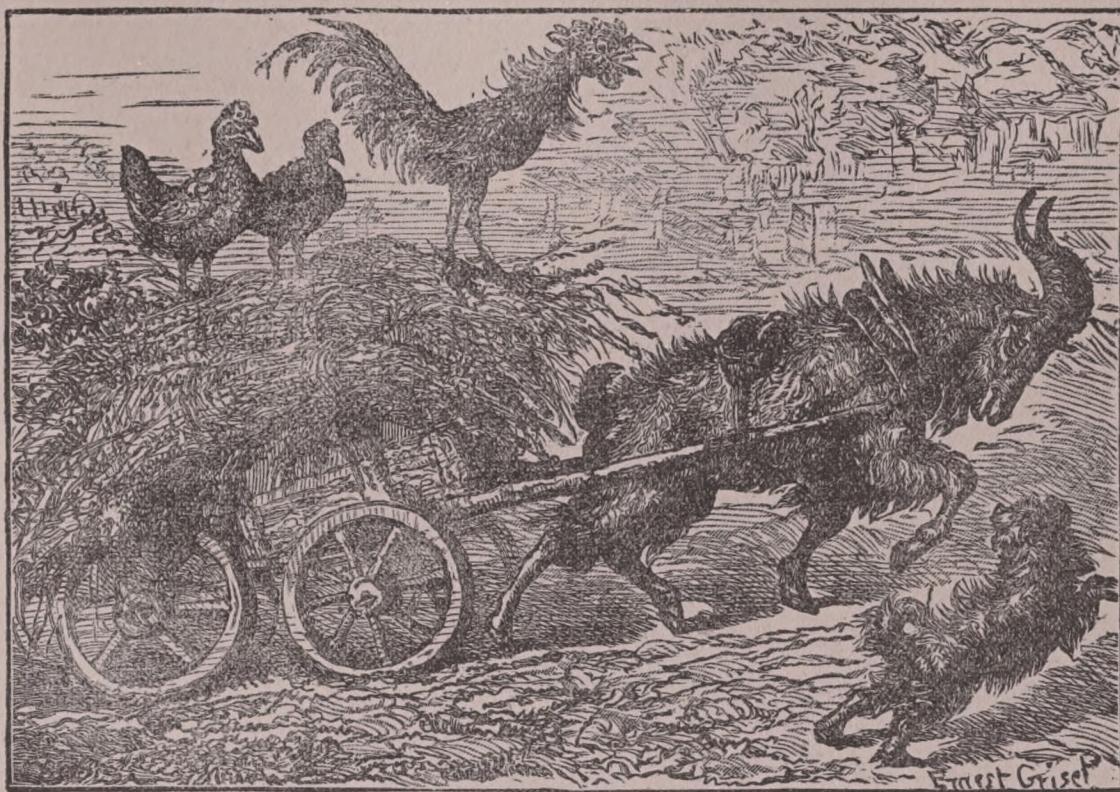


It's going to snow—then what shall I do,
My dear little, sweet little dolly, with you ?
And, oh, dear me, it will spoil my hat,
And wet yours, too, for the matter of that.
Oh, dolly, dear, it is lucky, you see,
That I brought papa's new umbrella with me.

GOING TO MARKET.



SEE, Rover is going to market,
To buy himself something to eat;
He will wag his tail to the butcher,
And bark for a piece of meat.
Oh, Rover is such a good doggie,
Like some little boys that I know!
He is clever and bright, and we trust him
At all times on errands to go.



TAKING A RIDE.

DON'T go so fast, Sir Billy Goat.
 My wife and child and I
 Can hardly keep our balance here,
 All mounted up so high.
 Good doggie, bark at him no more,
 He's rattled our bones till they are sore.

THREE FRIENDS AND THEIR WOES.

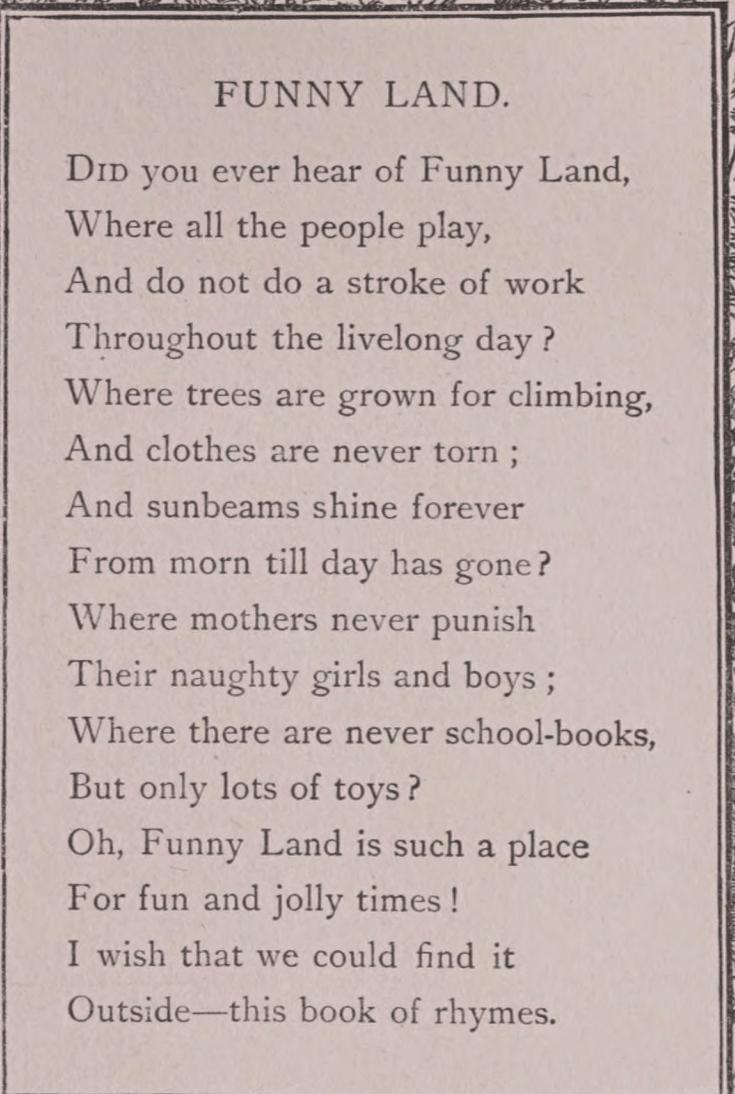


THREE friends once met on the king's highway—

A miserable set of friends were they.
 The cat was lame in her right hand paw,
 The dog had toothache in his jaw,
 The mule had ear-ache, poor old soul !
 And not one of three was thoroughly whole.
 They met, and sadly said "Good-day!"
 Then parted again on the king's highway.

FUNNY LAND.

DID you ever hear of Funny Land,
Where all the people play,
And do not do a stroke of work
Throughout the livelong day ?
Where trees are grown for climbing,
And clothes are never torn ;
And sunbeams shine forever
From morn till day has gone ?
Where mothers never punish
Their naughty girls and boys ;
Where there are never school-books,
But only lots of toys ?
Oh, Funny Land is such a place
For fun and jolly times !
I wish that we could find it
Outside—this book of rhymes.



THE LITTLE ARTIST.

I'm sure, indeed I'm very sure,
It looks like my papa.
And won't she be surprised,
When I show it to mamma !



It's got his best expression, too,
And wears his kind of hat.
And his body and his legs and arms,
Are truly just like that.
O, papa 'll be so happy when
He sees his picture here—
And—when he knows the artist
Is his little daughter dear !



PLAYMATES.

RIDE, ride a pig-a-back,
Pussie cat, and master Jack.
Pussie has no fear, you know,
Because her master loves her so.
Playmates they, and sunny weather
Seems to reign when they're together.
Why? Because good temper brings,
Sunshine, always, on its wings.



"BABY" POLLY.

OH, naughty little Polly !
Why, what a nurse are you !
Oh, six-year-old Miss Polly !

And what a baby, too !
Poor baby sister cries and cries,
And hardly can believe her eyes,
To see you drink her milk so fast,
You, whose young baby days are past.

Oh, selfish Polly ! tell us
What will dear Nursie say
To find the baby's milk has
Vanished the wrong way ?
We'll put long dresses on you, dear,
For you're a baby, too, we fear,
And no more cake we'll give to you—
For cake for *babies* will not do.

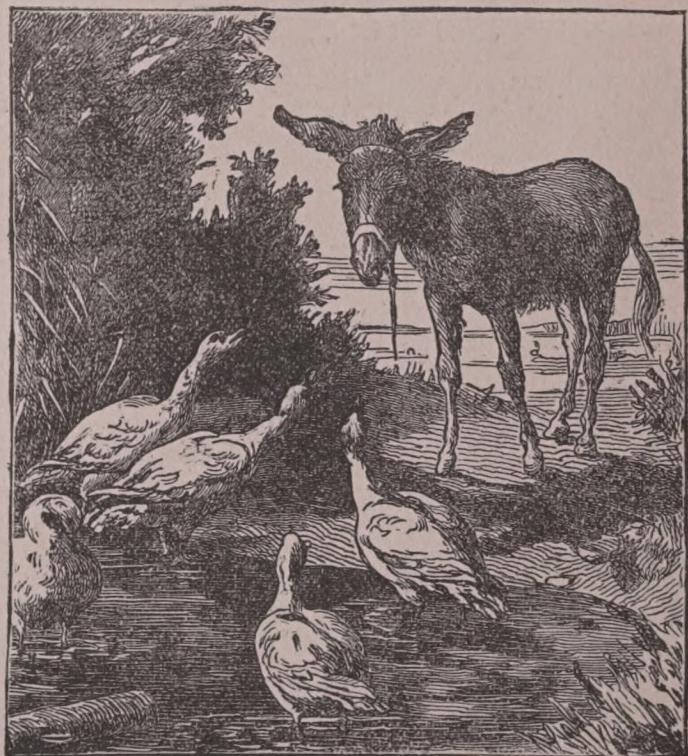
LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

WELL, what in the world is the matter with
you ?

You all act like *geese*—'pon my honor, you do !
Can't an honest old donkey be taking a walk
But you must assail him with chatter and
talk ?

Be calm now, my friends, and don't be in a
hurry

To throw a respectable beast in a flurry.
Your gobble—like many a person's I know—
Loses half of its sense in its vain overflow ;
My face you should rather prefer to my back,
Lest my heels chance to answer your fool-
ish—"quack!"—"quack!".



HARRY'S DOGS.

THIS is Harry's little
dog,
On an errand
going;
See his eyes, how
wise he looks!
As tho' all things
worth knowing
Were stored away
In his small brain,
With knowledge quite
o'erflowing.



THIS is Harry's other
dog,
He's on the watch,
you see.
A splendid dog, a noble
dog,
A trusty dog, is he.
He never runs the
streets about,
With other dogs to
play,
But watches at his Mas-
ter's gate
When he has gone
away.



Be faithful in the very least
The Master bids you do,
And when to manhood you are grown,
All men shall find you true.

Such a giddy dog is
he,
He's always on the
run,
And never knows a
happy day
Unless engaged in
fun.
And yet 'tis only fair
to say
His errands are
well done.

He thinks, no doubt,
"Since Master has
A trust bestowed on
me,
It is my duty now to
try
How faithful I can
be."
So, little boys, whoe'er
you are,
This lesson try to
learn,
And from your duties
great or small,
Do not unkindly turn.

BABY AND FLOWERS.



OME pretty leaves,
A flower or two,
I'll bind together,
Baby, for you.

You are my flower,
The sweetest that
grows,
My bud and my
blossom,
And beautiful rose.
And you shall twine
around mother's
heart.
And nothing shall
mother and baby
part.



A SLEIGH-RIDE.

A SLEIGH-RIDE on the frozen snow—
Fast and fast as the wind we go.

Bells are jingling,
Ears are tingling,
Noses cold and colder grow.
Oh, isn't it fun on a moonlight night,
To skim away on the snow so white.

“SO SCARED !”



I WONDER if she saw a mouse,
Or did she see a ghost? It may be
Only a dog barked at the moon,
And made of Jennie such a baby.
Go bring a bottle and bottle the tears
Of this poor little damsel so full of fears.



LITTLE maiden in the shoe,
What in the world are you going to do
With all your traps and family?
What a careworn mother, dear, you must
be.
Little maid, if I were you,
I'd live in a house instead of a shoe.

THE DONKEY RIDE.



THE donkey ride, the donkey ride !
Two little children side by side,
While Fido trots along before,
And barks until his throat is sore.
Good donkey Ned, so sure and slow,
A mile in most *two hours* will go.

THE PUPPIES' BATH.



L.L.

KEEP quiet, little puppies, do !
I'll give a lovely bath to you.
I'll make your faces nice and clean
As ever puppy's face was seen ;
But I will do my best to try
And not get soap, dears, in your eye.
For when nurse does that thing to me,
It makes the tears come, don't you see ?

THE DANCING JACK.



SEE him go,
It's a jig, you know.
He always likes
To dance just so.
Where do you think
I got him, pray ?
Out of a grab-bag
Yesterday.
We went to a fair in
the village, you see,
And this was the
nicest "grab" for me.
My dancing Jack, my
jumping Jack,
Of attitudes graceful
he has no lack.

“PLENTY OF THEM !”



PLENTY of them—nice and sweet.
Apples falling at my feet.
How can a little girl like me
So many, many apples eat ?



LL

“DON'T be frightened, little miss,
I only want a nice, sweet kiss.”
“O naughty wasp, go 'way from me,
Your face I do not like to see.
The other way please turn your wings,
And with you carry all your stings.”



GOING TO MARKET.

THIS is the way we trot, trot, trot,
This is the way we go.
I am the girl that's going to town,
Carrying my pig, you know.

A *little* pig, a *fine fat* pig,
She's worth her weight in gold.
Whoever wants, had best buy now,
Before my pig grows old.

OUR HARRY BOY.



“Now, tate my liteness, wite away!”
Demands our Harry boy;
“I be a dear, dood boy to-day!”
His eyes grow bright with joy
As on the rug he seats himself,
The precious, merry little elf,
And looking up in papa’s eyes,
Please tate my liteness now!” he cries.
And while he waited papa’s answer,
The artist seized his chance, you see,
And by and by our boy cried, laughing,
“I’s dot a Hawwy dus lite me!”

WHO IS IT?

"THERE'S a queer-looking thing in the water there,

With enormous ears, and rough-looking hair,

And eyes half starting out of his head.

I wonder what is it?" thinks donkey Ned.

"That very queer thing of legs has four,
Each of them stretching a mile or more
From the corners of his body so round—
Down — straight down to the grassy ground.

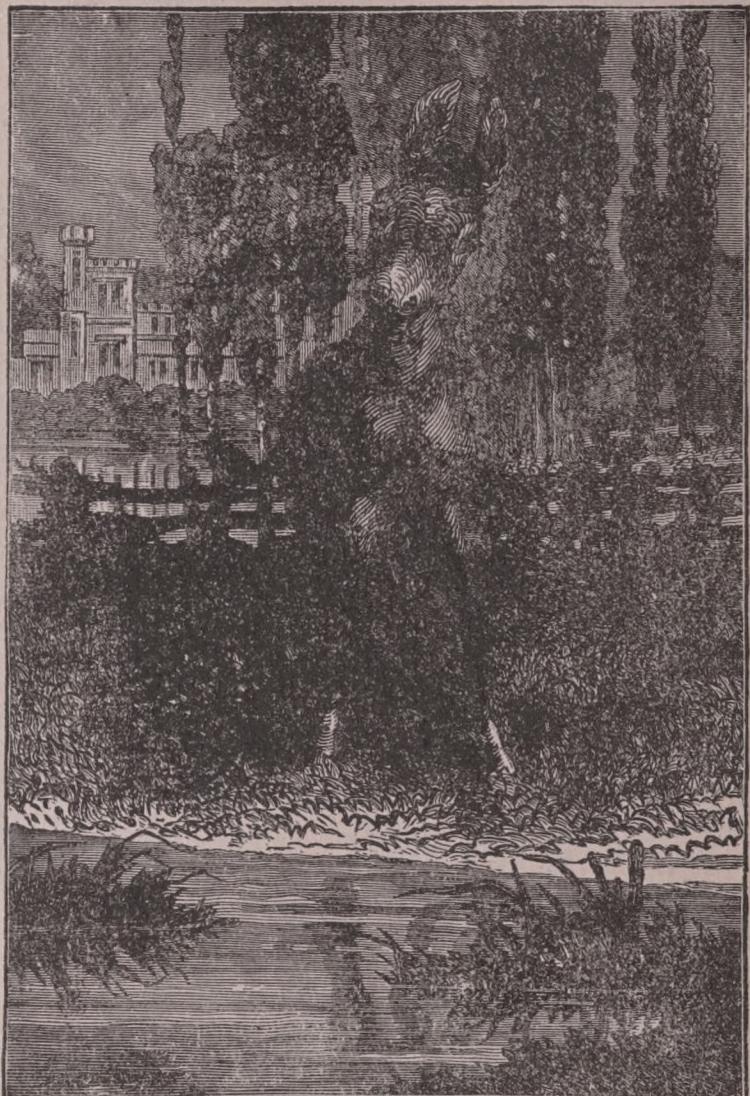
Oh, what can it be?"

Oh, donkey Ned—

You're not so foolish—if truth were said,

For there's many a two-legged donkey,
too,

Who knows himself no better than you.



MENDING HIS NET.



MENDING his net, the fisher lad

Sits early in the day.

With fish to catch, and fish to sell,

What time has he for play?

The ripples in the sunbeams shine,

The beach is smooth and white,

But busy Tom, the fisher lad,

Must work till comes the night.

HOW CAN I?



How can I spell "cat" when I don't know how?
 Dear sister, be good, and stop lessons just now;
 Or else, if you please, let me try to spell
 "*play*";
 And that's what I'd like to be doing to-day.
 Let brother be quiet as long as he will;
I don't feel exactly like sitting so still.
 Dear sister, be good now, and please let me go,
 And don't make me study these things I don't
 know.
 There's only one lesson that I never miss,
 And that is to love you, and coax with a kiss.

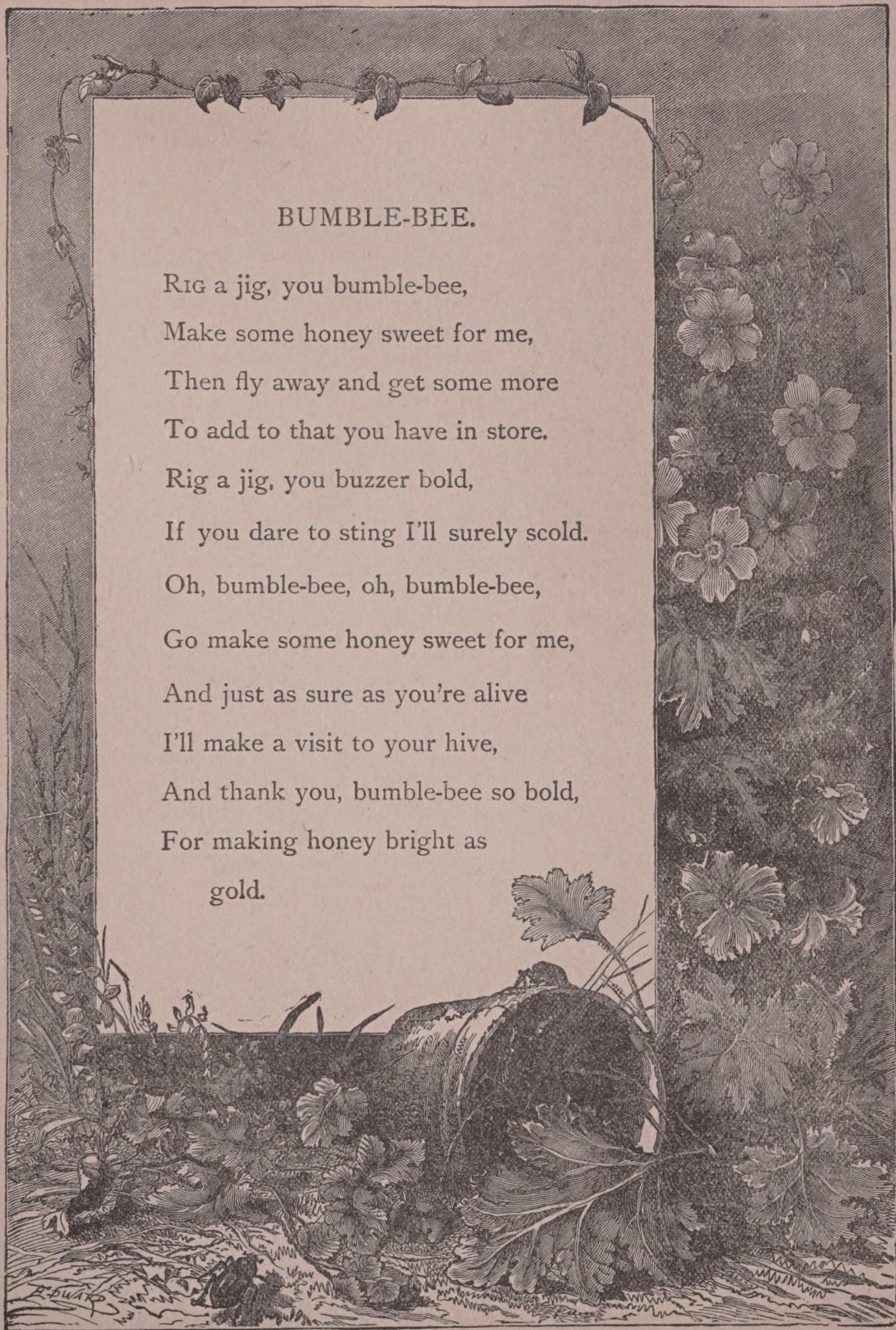
THE QUARREL.



"I'm mad at you, you naughty kitty!
 I really think it is a pity
 That you should scratch and bite me so!
 With you I nowhere else will go.
 I'll turn my back—nor talk to you,
 And do not care how much you—mew."

BUMBLE-BEE.

Rig a jig, you bumble-bee,
Make some honey sweet for me,
Then fly away and get some more
To add to that you have in store.
Rig a jig, you buzzer bold,
If you dare to sting I'll surely scold.
Oh, bumble-bee, oh, bumble-bee,
Go make some honey sweet for me,
And just as sure as you're alive
I'll make a visit to your hive,
And thank you, bumble-bee so bold,
For making honey bright as
gold.



“CAPTAIN ROVER.”



CAPTAIN ROVER, how do you do ?
A jolly soldier, sir, are you ;
Pray tell me, for I'd like to know,
Why your own trumpet you must blow ?
“ Because, kind sir, the truth to tell,
There is no one can blow it half so well.”
Oh, Captain Rover, how do you do ?
A conceited old soldier, I think, are you.

TOO MUCH, OR TOO LITTLE.



HOLD up, horsey! hold up, whoa!
There is no need so fast to go.
My reins are short, my legs the same;
Go easy now, my little dame.
'Tis plain the driver is too small,
Or else the horsey is too tall.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.



BEAR, Bear, hurry and catch it;
The big red apple! why don't you snatch it?
You've climbed so far, and the apple is near,
Why can't you get it? ah, much I fear,
You are like some people who strive for gains
Forever beyond their reach and pains.

CAT'S CRADLE.

ALL we want is a pussy cat,
And we'd put her fast to sleep,
And lay her here in her cradle fine
And roll her up in a heap,
And swing her softly to and fro,
Till into the land o' nod she'd go,
And by and by she'd wake and play
And with her cradle run away.





AN IMPORTANT SECRET.

THE JAPANESE UMBRELLA.

IT cost five cents in a Bowery store—
 Five whole pennies! not one cent more.
 They took it off to the country, where
 They opened it wide to the fragrant air.
 The sun looked down at the curious thing,
 And all its beams in a fright took wing.
 “We’re American beams; tell us, who can,
 How came we so suddenly in Japan?”



“TOO TIRED FOR ANYTHING!”



I’m just too tired for anything!—
 Too tired even to play!
 I don’t care, either, if dolly slips off
 And breaks her head to-day.
 I’m just as tired of everything
 As ever a girl could be;
 I wish mamma would stop sewing awhile,
 And remember a child like me.
 For dollies and toys are not everything
 A little girl wants, you see.

POOR DOLLY'S LEG.

IT wasn't amputated—
It just fell off ; and so
My dolly 'll be a cripple,
And on her crutches go.



“LOOK AT ME.”

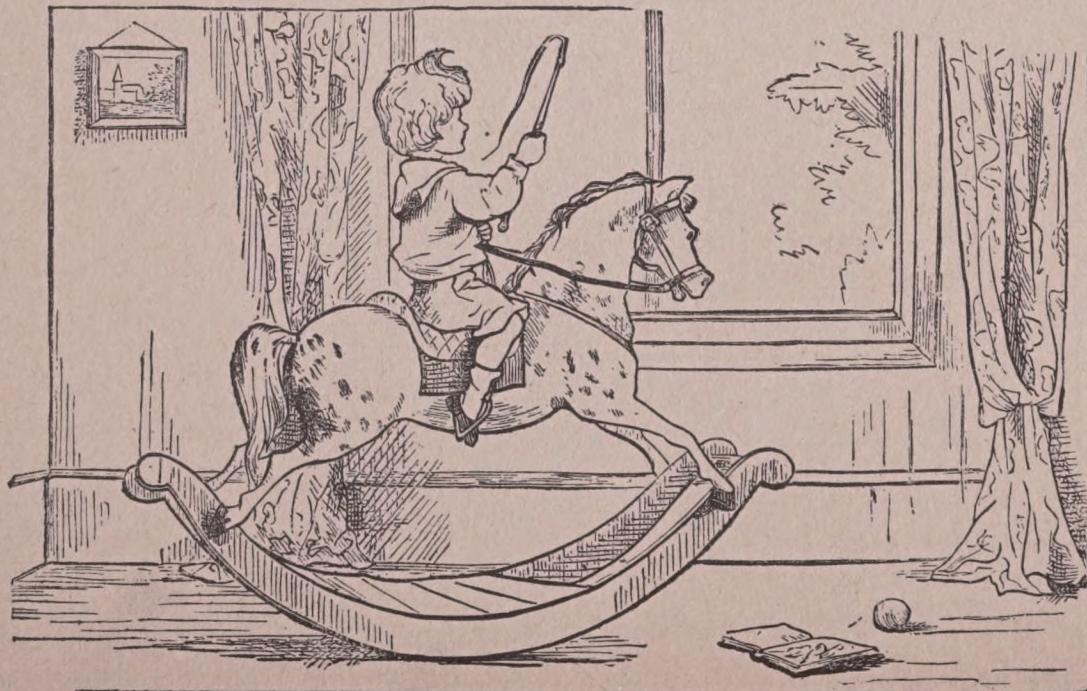
Do you, or don't you ?
Look at me !
If you are not honest,
Why, I shall see.
Do you love cousin Jackie
More than me ?

But Dr. Gluepot, may be,
Can mend it up again ;
And Dolly will not fret
While she has to suffer pain.



CHERRIES.

“CHERRIES, ripe cherries,
O give me a few ?”
Cherries ain't good for
A baby like you.
“Give me a cherry,
I'll pay with a kiss.”
Ah, now you shall eat them,
My wise little miss.



SO HUNGRY!



SUCH a hungry little set, so clamorous for their tea !
 And making so much busy work for the big sisters three !
 Its " Please, some bread with 'lasses too ; "
 And—" Sister, I called first to you ! "
 And—" Want some milk with sugar in it ! "
 And—" O, I wants some cake dis minute ! "
 And—" Hurry, sister, don't you see
 I'm almost starved to death for tea ? "
 And O, such hungry little folks, all sitting at the table,
 And busy eating all they can as fast as they are able.

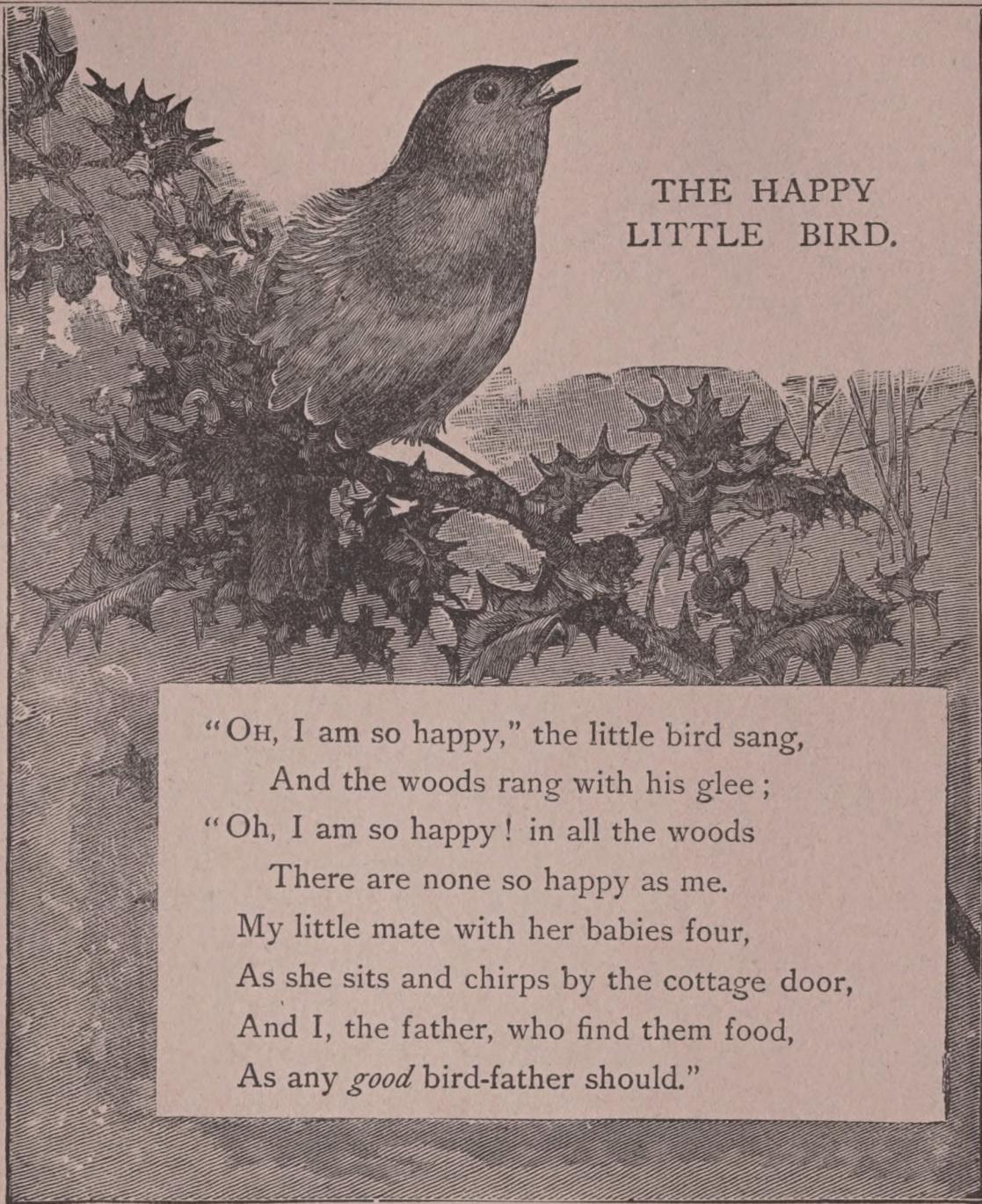


LITTLE BUTTERFLY.

LITTLE butterfly, come here,
 How I love you, pretty dear !
 Or if you so far must fly,
 Take me with you to the sky.
 Butterfly, I'll be your flower,
 You shall hover o'er my bower,
 And thro' all the merry day
 We will have a happy play.



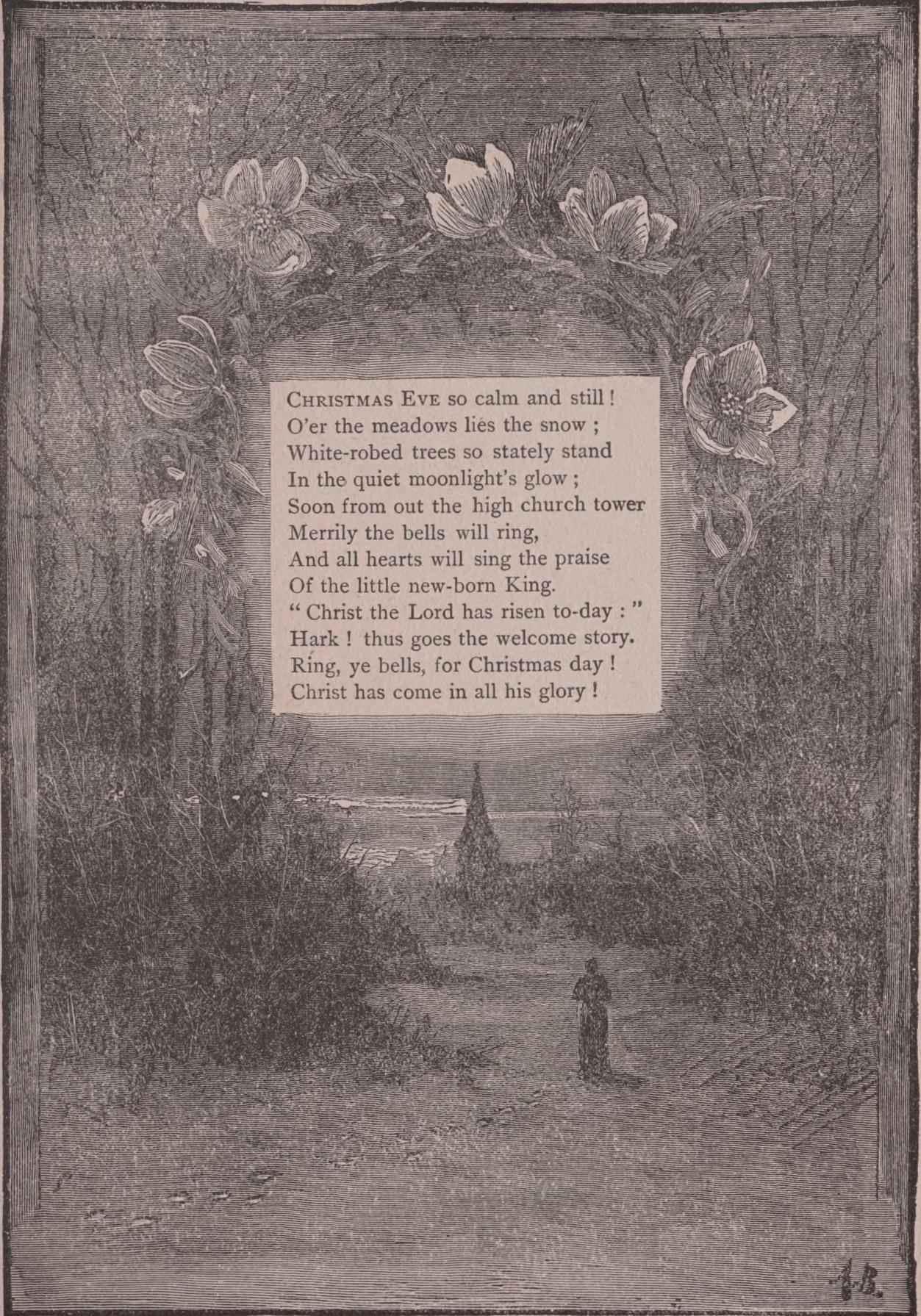
OH, Johnny, what's the trouble, that you have ceased to chatter?
"Cause I've got the awfulest toothache! And that's what's the matter."



SLEEPY HEAD.



ROUSE, rouse, you sleepy head,
Lie no longer here in bed.
The sun was up an hour ago,
And you should welcome him, you know.
Rouse, rouse, you sleepy head,
Lie no longer here in bed.



CHRISTMAS EVE so calm and still !
O'er the meadows lies the snow ;
White-robed trees so stately stand
In the quiet moonlight's glow ;
Soon from out the high church tower
Merrily the bells will ring,
And all hearts will sing the praise
Of the little new-born King.
"Christ the Lord has risen to-day :"
Hark ! thus goes the welcome story.
Ring, ye bells, for Christmas day !
Christ has come in all his glory !



POOR TOM.

Poor Tom ! he's only a beggar-boy,
Weary, and lone, and sad,
A few kind words, and a crust of bread,
Are enough to make him glad.

Kind little readers, do bear in mind
That, wheresoever you go,
It is always better, for your own dear sakes,
The seeds of kindness to sow.



THIS IS THE WAY.

THIS is the way to do it, see ?
 Now, Sue and Sally, look at me.
 You point your toe,
 And hop you go,
 And pretty soon
 You jump—just so.
 Then higglety, wigglety,
 Hip-hop-hop.
 You turn about—
 And give a flap,
 Then shake your dress
 And curtsey, so ;
 And over again
 You point your toe;
 And after awhile
 It's just a chance
 That one of you
 May learn to dance.



ON THE BEACH.

I WONDER much what this thing is?

It looks like fringe to me ;
 I guess it came from off the dress
 Of a mermaid in the sea.

May be she came one sunny day
 Up to the beach to walk,
 And with old Sam, the fisherman,
 To sit awhile and talk.

And then perhaps her dress was caught
 Upon a rock, and so
 She tore the fringe, poor mermaid !
 She is sorry now, I know.

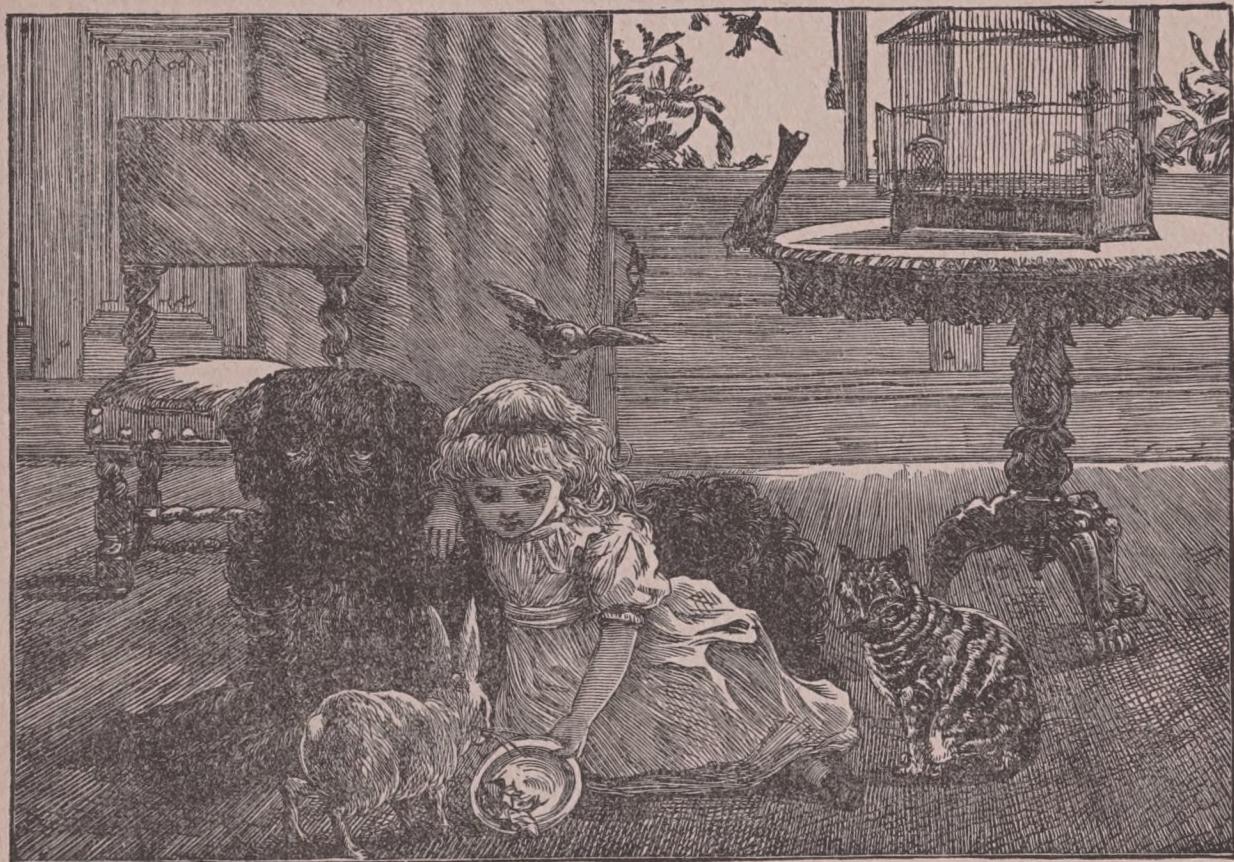
Well, I will leave it here for her,
 The mermaid in the sea.
 And she may come another day
 And leave her thanks for me.



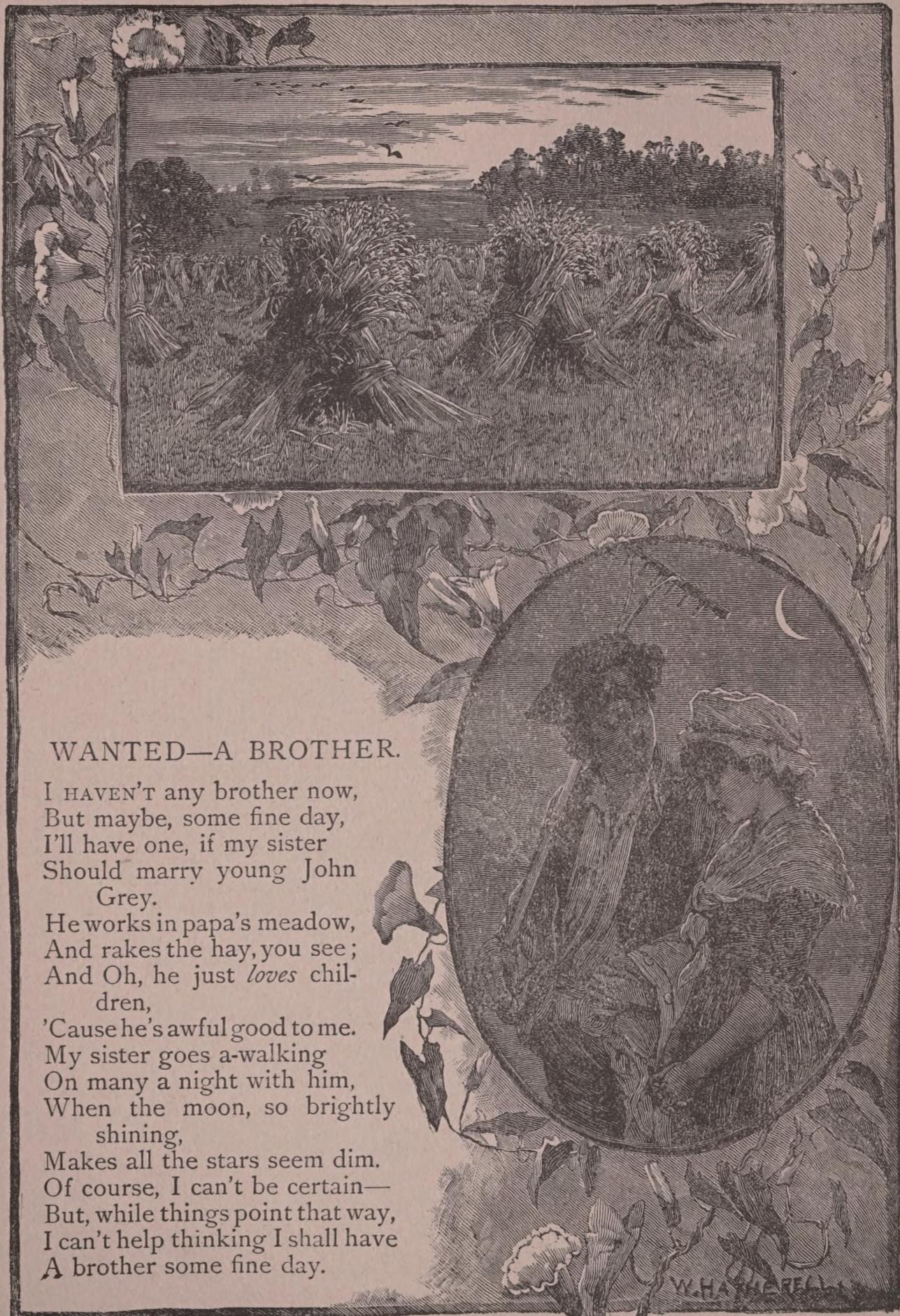
GATHERING FLOWERS.

SO MANY PETS TO LOVE.

A DOGGIE, a pussy, two birds and one Bunny,
 And wee Mistress Bessie, Oh, isn't it funny !
 Are playing together, all friends, and no foes—
 For Bess and her pets almost any one knows ;
 First, Bruno, good fellow, he loves little Bess,
 Well, more than you children, I fancy, could guess ;



Then Pussy—she always purrs loudest, you see,
 When near her small mistress she's able to be;
 Then Bunny, the rabbit—he cares not to eat,
 Unless little Bessie will offer the treat;
 And Dickie and Chippie are never, 'tis said,
 Quite happy save when on her round golden head
 They are perching contentedly, having no fear,
 Tho' Pussy is blinking and winking so near.
 Do you know why sweet Bessie has so many pets ?
 It is only because Bessie never forgets
 To be gentle and kind in each word and each deed,
 And to give to each pet any care it may need.
 O, dear little people, be loving and true
 In your daily behavior—whatever you do,
 And the love that you give will be given to you.

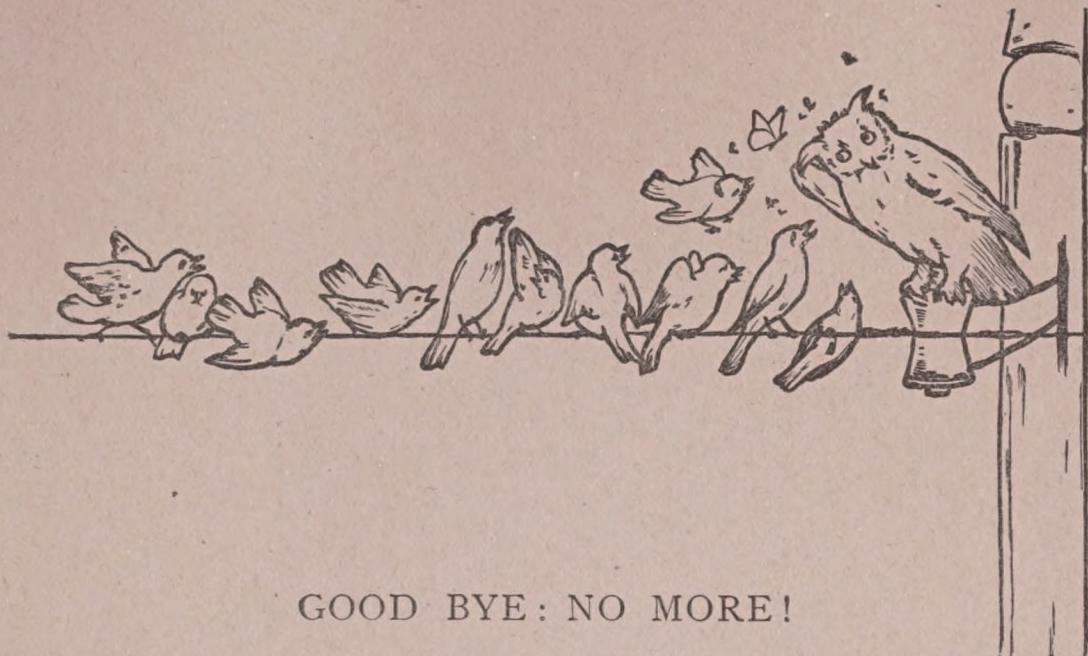


WANTED—A BROTHER.

I HAVEN'T any brother now,
But maybe, some fine day,
I'll have one, if my sister
Should marry young John
Grey.

He works in papa's meadow,
And rakes the hay, you see;
And Oh, he just *loves* chil-
dren,
'Cause he's awful good to me.
My sister goes a-walking
On many a night with him,
When the moon, so brightly
shining,

Makes all the stars seem dim.
Of course, I can't be certain—
But, while things point that way,
I can't help thinking I shall have
A brother some fine day.



GOOD BYE: NO MORE!

No, children, not another one !
I've told you all the rhymes I know.
Go off to play, and be content,
And do not tease good nature so.
My breath is gone, my eyes are dim,
Too many stories have I told.
But if I've made you happy, dears,
Within your hearts my memory hold.

Good Bye !

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